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CONTENTS

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Cover Design by Henry Reuterdaahl	
The Insurgent Victory in California....	907
Senator Bristow and Senator Aldrich..	908
Anarchy in Columbus.....	908
Indian Land Lawyers.....	911
A New Experience for the Dominion Premier.....	912
The International Congress of Espe- rantists.....	913
Florence Nightingale.....	914
Art and Fire.....	915
Robert Treat Paine.....	916
The Death of President Mont.....	916
The Elimination of the Grade Crossing	917
For Good Roads.....	918
Mr. Roosevelt's Western Trip.....	918
Rural Life.....	919
By Theodore Roosevelt	
Bossism or Leadership.....	922
Not Enough.....	923
The Power of the Courts.....	923
African Game Trails.....	925
A Knight Errant of the Sea.....	927
By Jacob A. Riis	
The Human Side of Farming.....	941
By Elbert F. Baldwin	
Goldwin Smith.....	950
By W. D. Gregory	
An Open-Air Pulpit.....	960
By Florence E. Winslow	
The Lure of Capri.....	962
By Hamilton W. Mabie	
The Bringer of the Summons (Poem)..	970
By Curtis Guild, Jr.	
As in Time of War.....	971
By E. H. Naylor	
The Slowcoach. Chapters XI—XIII...	977
By Edward Verrall Lucas	
A Supplication (Poem).....	990
By Clinton Scollard	
Index to Volume 95.....	991

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The Outlook

AUGUST 27, 1910

LYMAN ABBOTT, Editor-in-Chief. HAMILTON W. MABIE, Associate Editor
THEODORE ROOSEVELT
Contributing Editor



THE INSURGENT VICTORY IN CALIFORNIA

California is the field on which the most recent victory for Republican Insurgents has been won. At the primaries held on Tuesday of last week, Hiram Johnson, the candidate for the Republican nomination for Governor supported by the Insurgent element, was successful, and will be the party nominee to run against the Democratic nominee, Theodore Bell. For the Republican nomination, Mr. Johnson had as his chief opponent Charles F. Curry, at present Secretary of State. There were, however, three other aspirants for the nomination besides—namely, Alden Anderson, who represented the regular organization; Philip Stanton, formerly Speaker of the Assembly, who unquestionably rendered good service at the time of the controversy over Japanese immigration; and Nathaniel Ellery, now State Engineer. Mr. Johnson stood distinctly for a progressive policy. To call such men as Mr. Johnson Insurgents is to imply that the Republican party as a whole does not stand for such a policy. As a matter of fact, however, the Insurgent movement is not a revolt against the party; it is a revolt against certain leaders who here and there, through the carelessness of the party voters, have gained control of the party machinery. As Mr. Gifford Pinchot said in one of his speeches in California in July, "The Insurgents and the men who stand with them are the Republican party." Among those who have received the Republican nomination for Congress from California is William Kent. He is the nominee in place of the present incumbent, Duncan E. McKinlay. Mr. Kent has attained distinction and earned public gratitude by many services.

He should be remembered by the whole Nation for his gift of the Muir Woods to the Nation, containing some of the finest specimens of big trees. He was a participant in the movement which has transformed the Chicago Common Council from a corrupt legislative body to one of the best municipal legislatures in America. In his speeches Mr. Kent made plain his opposition to that system of legislation by which "district is pitted against district and interest combines with interest," against that spirit in accordance with which "property has been exalted above human life," against the principle of "standing pat." He urged a tariff for the welfare of the whole Nation, railways regulated for the public interest, and such a change in taxation on lands as to prevent the injustices occasioned by land speculation. His opposition to Asiatic immigration was based on the belief that that immigration was fostered by special interests for selfish purposes, without regard to the menace involved in an unassimilated alien race in this country. Other Insurgent candidates have been successful. Mr. Hayes, leader of the Insurgent group in the House of Representatives, secured a renomination against a candidate of the State machine; and an Insurgent, Mr. Stephens, defeated Mr. McLachlan for renomination. It is possible also that Mr. S. C. Smith, at present a Representative from the southern part of the State, is defeated by Mr. Kirby, an Insurgent. As a successor to Senator Flint in the United States Senate, the Lincoln-Roosevelt League, the organization of the Progressive Republicans, presented to the party voters Mr. John D. Works; at the present writing the result appears to be in doubt. The movement

on behalf of progressive policies is evident in all parts of the country, and the result in California is but another indication that that movement is slowly changing the character of Republican leadership.

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SENATOR BRISTOW
AND
SENATOR ALDRICH

The controversy between Senator Aldrich, of Rhode Island, and Senator Bristow, of Kansas, is of National interest because it brings into the light, on the one hand, the dangers of our present method of tariff-making, and, on the other, the unwisdom of those who adopt slap-dash methods of attacking political evils. Senator Bristow accused Senator Aldrich of being a party to the introduction of a "joker" in a certain schedule of the new tariff bill, the operation of which would be of vast pecuniary profit to himself and his associates who are interested in the rubber industry of the country. To this accusation Senator Aldrich has made a categorical and detailed reply; and we are bound to say that, without some further evidence from Senator Bristow, which apparently it is impossible for him to produce, Senator Aldrich has won his case. Only tariff or rubber experts—and the editors of *The Outlook* are neither—can understand the technical details of the controversy, but Senator Aldrich has made a distinct statement of facts which we think conclusively show that he was not *particeps criminis*, as Senator Bristow intimated that he was, in an attempt to make personal dividends out of a specific clause in the tariff law. Senator Aldrich cannot complain, however, if the country was in a mood to give serious consideration to Senator Bristow's charges. The people have come to the conviction that log-rolling and favoritism are characteristic of all American tariff bills made under the present system. They believe that, as in river and harbor legislation, the "pork barrel" is almost an essential part of tariff construction. Senator Aldrich is a man of very great ability, and probably knows more about the technical side of tariff legislation than any other man in Congress. Unfortunately, however, he is believed to be a follower of the philosophy which asserts that financial prosperity is the true standard of the growth of any community.

He himself has achieved great financial prosperity by following this philosophy, and yet we suppose that his indignation and astonishment at being accused of personal dishonor are genuine. The only way in which a politician or statesman can escape such accusation is by scrupulously refraining from taking part in legislation which is designed for the special privilege of a particular community, or a particular group, at the expense of the rest of the country. Senator Bristow should never have made his specific accusations unless he was prepared to substantiate them with better evidence than he has so far produced. He is a passionate reformer, with whose general purpose of eliminating materialistic evils from Congressional legislation the country is in full sympathy; but prejudiced and unjust virtue sometimes does quite as much harm as unprejudiced vice. The only reply which Senator Bristow has made to Senator Aldrich's categorical denial is to make some more general statements, such as would be of no value in a court of law as evidence, and such as are, we think, of no value in the long run when a reformer appeals to the American people as jurymen. The episode furnishes another occasion for advocating the wisdom of having all tariff legislation initiated by a tariff commission, the members of which shall be men of expert ability and of scrupulous impartiality.

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ANARCHY
IN COLUMBUS

At the very foundation of government is the obligation to maintain order. For the greater part of a month now the city of Columbus, Ohio, has so suffered from mob violence as to know what a menace to civilized society it is to have those in authority fail to meet this obligation. The disorder has been consequent upon a strike of street car men. There have been stone-throwing, dynamiting, and other intolerable acts of violence. War is barbaric enough, but war is carried on under rules which insure at least some degree of fair and open fighting, and which protect non-combatants. The mob knows no such rules. It is underhanded and mean, and it attacks the defenseless. The primary duty of any government which calls itself civilized is to protect the people from their enemies, and certainly

from so merciless an enemy as the mob. This the authorities of the city of Columbus and of the State of Ohio have not adequately done. Mayor Marshall, of Columbus, in the early stage of the disorder, called upon Governor Harmon for troops. For the time being the disorder was so far quelled that the soldiers were sent home. Then it broke out afresh. After the Mayor had tried to control the turbulence by means of police, he found himself confronted by what amounted to a mutiny. Policemen refused to obey the orders which put them on the street cars to protect those who were engaged in running them, as well as to protect the cars themselves. There was no time for parley; the Mayor pleaded with the policemen, and did not call for the militia. Finally the Governor himself interfered. Again the troops were summoned and the city put into their control. By the middle of last week semblance of order was restored and little violence appeared. Ohio has recently shown itself particularly subject to the terroristic rule of the mob. The subjection of Newark, of that State, to a turbulent crowd of lynchers who murdered a detective brought disgrace upon that city. Zanesville has also been the scene of outrageous acts of violence. Two homes and two factories in that city were blown up, or partly blown up, by dynamite. The owner of one of these factories and one of the houses had been knocked down and beaten. Indeed, such a state of terror existed that special officers could not be induced to make arrests for fear of arousing a lynching. In one case a deputy marshal, who had been raiding disorderly resorts, was assailed by the proprietor of one of them, an ex-chief of police, but received no aid from the policeman present. Ohio is not a frontier community. It has not the excuse that a frontier community has, of immature organization.



CURE FOR THE MOB

For such violence as has made its appearance in these Ohio cities the first duty, as we have said, of civilized government is clear. It is severely and rigorously to repress the violence. But the first duty is not the

last duty. The obligation of civilized government is not fulfilled by the use merely of the policeman's club or the soldier's rifle. It is to get at the cause of the violence, to correct those bad relations between men out of which disorder arises, to correct the injustice against which this disorder is in part a protest and of which it is in part a product. With regard to the mobs at Newark and Zanesville it is comparatively easy to see the cause. Ohio is a State which is trying to administer a county option law for some sixty cities. The State has enacted a law by which a county may banish the sale of intoxicating liquors from its whole territory. Within that county there may be a city where public sentiment is not in favor of no-license, and yet the local authorities within that city are called upon to enforce the no-license policy. In other words, a supposedly self-governing community is called upon to enforce a law imposed by an authority outside of that community. As a consequence, time and again the people of the city have acquiesced in the election of officials who have winked at the violation of the law and who have even been in collusion with the lawbreakers. The cure for this state of things is very simple. It is the application of the elementary principles of democracy. Let the power that makes the law enforce the law; or let the power that enforces the law be free to make the law. In other words, if the State insists upon determining under what kind of laws the cities within the State shall be governed, then let the State accept the full responsibility for the law by assuming the responsibility of enforcing it. On the other hand, if the State is unwilling to assume this responsibility of enforcement, then let it give to the city that freedom which must always go with responsibility, and allow the latter to decide under what laws it shall live. The State of Ohio shares the disgrace that has come upon the cities of Zanesville and Newark. The Legislature of Ohio has violated the elementary principles of self-government by laying down precepts for the cities and failing to see that those precepts are observed. We believe that American cities should have a larger measure of home rule than they are now allowed to

exercise, and at the same time that the States ought to assume a larger measure of law enforcement than they now assume. Whatever action Ohio takes, however, must be taken ultimately by the people of the State as a whole. It certainly must take action if it is to avoid the reputation of being a commonwealth of the mob.



THE COLUMBUS STRIKE

The causes for the disorder at Columbus are more complex than those of the disorder arising under the local option controversy. How this mob violence grew up can best be understood in the light of a brief narrative of the rise and course of the street car strike. This strike had its origin in the circulation of a petition among the men of the car lines in January last. This petition respectfully asked for an increase of pay, on the ground of increased cost of living. The company denied the request and dismissed from its service the seven men who had circulated the petition. At this time there was no union and none had been contemplated; but the action of the company aroused the men to form a union. The company met this movement by dismissing from its service every one who was discovered to have any part in the organization. The union, however, became strong enough after the first of April to threaten a strike for increased wages and the restoration of the dismissed employees. After a conference between the company and a committee of men not representing the union, an agreement was reached by which the company increased the wages slightly, promised to re-employ the thirty-five discharged men if places could be found for them, and not discriminate against members of the union. The friction, however, did not cease; the men complained that inspectors and foremen were constantly threatening the union, and the company complained that the union men were making life miserable for the non-union employees. On the ground that the company had not kept its pledge to avoid discrimination, a strike was declared early in May. The company positively refused the offer of the men to submit the whole case to arbitration. Through the mediation of citizens an agreement, how-

ever, was reached, with the promise of the company not to discriminate against the men of the union. This strike lasted for five weeks. The men, however, continued to complain of the discrimination, and declared that the company was bringing in strike-breakers and was fortifying one of its car barns as if in preparation for a conflict. They also said that men were being discharged for being union men. Again a strike was called. The State Board of Arbitration then interfered, having discovered that it possessed the powers to compel a full investigation. It decided against the company, finding that the company had been guilty of violating its pledges. The Board, however, could not enforce its decision. On Sunday, July 24, the men, learning that the company was obdurate, left their work. The men are ready and have been ready from the first to arbitrate everything; the company declares that it will arbitrate nothing. Mayor Marshall has been in a very difficult position. The hostility of the street car company to the Mayor has been open and bitter, even before the strike began. Indeed, the company bitterly opposed Mr. Marshall during the mayoralty campaign. Its opposition to him was due to his strong contention that the public service corporations were not bearing their full and just proportion of taxation. This, together with the enforcement of the law against the liquor traffic, was the leading issue of the campaign in which Mr. Marshall was elected. Although the Mayor has failed to repress the violence by the use of the police, he has for three solid weeks kept the saloons closed at night and all day on Sundays. For the criticism that has been directed against him allowance should be made, since it is perfectly well known that during his term of office as City Solicitor he incurred the enmity of the corporations. If politics has been brought into this unhappy struggle and has interfered with the maintenance of order, the blame does not rest solely upon what is commonly called the lower element. Men of power and position who have wanted privileges from the public are equally to blame with others. In the struggle itself the strikers have the sympathy of the laboring population of the city. As the cars, manned by strike-

breakers, have passed through streets lined with houses of the working people, the women have called derisively at the occupants of the cars. As one citizen expressed it, these were not hoodlums who shouted in this manner, but were the wives, mothers, and daughters of self-respecting workingmen, few of them directly connected with the car company's employees, but all recognizing that this was a struggle on the part of wage-earners. This strike has created animosity that it will be hard to cure; but, what is still more significant, it has revealed a state of feeling that is more general than the operation of the strike itself. The men of the militia came and did their duty as soldiers; but on their return home one regiment sent back five hundred dollars in aid of the strikers. Such industrial warfare cannot be settled or permanently prevented by a policy of restraint. It is too deep-seated in the maladjustments of our present social conditions for that. These struggles will continue so long as industry is organized on an autocratic basis. Political democracy and industrial autocracy cannot long exist peacefully side by side.



INDIAN LAND LAWYERS

During last week hearings continued before the Congressional Committee that is investigating transactions regarding lands of the Chickasaw and Choctaw Indian tribes. Mr. J. F. McMurray, who has been interested in contracts with the Indians, according to which he would receive a fee of ten per cent to promote the sale of thirty million dollars' worth of land, was one of the witnesses examined. He denied that he had offered twenty-five to fifty thousand dollars to Senator Gore to influence him to withdraw his opposition in Congress to the approval of these contracts. He also denied the statement that he had said that Vice-President Sherman, Senator Curtis, of Kansas, or Congressman McGuire had any interest in these contracts. Indeed, he categorically denied that any member of Congress or any employee of any department of the Government had. As a matter of fact, Mr. McMurray had contracts with these Indians. According to these contracts, Mr. McMurray was to prosecute unsettled

claims of Choctaw and Chickasaw Indians against the United States, and to procure the sale of all undivided property of these Indians. To do this, he agreed to appear before courts of the United States or before the United States Congress. In other words, he was to act as attorney and agent for these Indians. The occasion for making such contracts has arisen from the policy of the United States Government toward the Indian tribes. The old theory was that the Indians were an alien people, subject to the United States, but holding as tribes great tracts of land. Friends of the Indians, seeing the evil effects of that theory, brought about a change of policy. Now the effort of the Government is to make the Indians citizens and enable them to hold land as individuals, just like other citizens. In this change of policy is involved a laborious process of allotting lands in severalty. The Indians are, of course, untrained in the ways of white civilization. Many of them have no conception of the value of their property. In the case of certain tribes, the Indians are "land poor." They own in common great tracts of land, but have little other property. Such Indians are glad to get rid of their land at almost any price for the sake of the chance to have some ready money. The Government has undertaken to see that this land is properly allotted; but the Indians are impatient of delay, and have had reason to be impatient of some of the delays in the allotting process. They have been ready to believe that lawyers could exercise influence somehow to hasten the process. A scrupulous lawyer might with justification believe that he could present the case so as to impress the Government with the hardship of delay, and thus hasten action. The unscrupulous lawyer, however, recognizing that all that could be legitimately done could be amply compensated for by a few thousand dollars, could well influence the Indians to believe that he could really bring about the disposal of the land for their benefit, so that when Congress really finally should settle the question, he could go to the Indians, point to the settlement as his achievement, and demand his percentage according to a previously made contract. Of course any such per-

centage fee that a lawyer of this sort should receive would be taken from the Indians without any real return to them. There are now counsel employed by Indian tribes. Many of them, we suspect, are rendering the Indians no service corresponding to the size of their compensation; and there is no doubt that there are many men who are ready to make money out of the Indians in this way without much thought regarding the injustice involved. We are glad that this matter has been called to the attention, not merely of the President and of Congress, but also of the whole country. Congress has not acted altogether fairly by the Indian. It has been extravagant in supplying buildings where the buildings would be a very questionable service to Indians, but would serve as monuments to which Congressmen could point their constituents. It has been liberal in the total amount of its appropriation, but it has not given to the Indian Office really adequate means to work with. We hope that the President will call the attention of Congress to the need of putting the whole organization of the Indian Office on a sounder basis, and particularly to the need of following in Indian appropriations, not the counsel of those who want money to spend for local glory, but the plans of those who have the responsibility of carrying out a large and humane policy.

**A NEW EXPERIENCE
FOR THE
DOMINION PREMIER.**

Two significant facts stand out unmistakably clear from Sir Wilfrid Laurier's tour in July and the first two weeks of August through the prairie provinces of the Dominion. A new Canada with new political ideals has come into being during the last ten years between Lake Superior and the foothills of the Rocky Mountains; and this new Canada, democratic in spirit and temper, confident in its self-reliance and success, abundantly realizes that the day of its importance in Dominion politics is at hand. The other fact quite as pregnant for the rest of the Dominion, and in particular for the highly protected manufacturing and industrial interests of Ontario, Quebec, and Nova Scotia, is that the grain-growers and farmers in Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta, well organized in their farmers' and

grain-growers' associations, and aided by a free, excellent, and alert newspaper press, are profoundly dissatisfied with what they call the special interests kind of Liberalism that has been dominant at Ottawa since 1896. Hitherto, when a Dominion Premier or political leader of first rank went on a speech-making tour, he delivered his addresses, and resolutions of confidence and congratulation on the English model were all that followed. There were new and wide departures from this mode of procedure when Sir Wilfrid Laurier was in the West. It was in no sense a triumphal progress, with eulogy all along the line, that the Premier made from Ottawa to Vancouver. Crowds there were at every place where the Premier's special train was brought to a halt. But there was very little of the enthusiasm that greeted Sir Wilfrid Laurier when between 1887 and 1896 he went into the constituencies, urban and rural, east and west of Ottawa, as the trusted and esteemed leader of the Liberal Opposition in the House of Commons, and as the most vigorous and fervid opponent of the National Policy of the Conservatives. Complaint and criticism and expressions of disappointment, for the most part bluntly stated, were awaiting the Premier from his own party all the way from Winnipeg to Calgary. No Premier in any British country ever had to listen to more outspoken criticism outside the walls of the House of Commons than was addressed to Sir Wilfrid Laurier by the numerous spokesmen of farmers and grain-growers' associations as he traveled through Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta. This strong and unexpected criticism of the Premier arose out of the feeling that the Liberal party since 1896 has been false to its pledges with regard to the tariff, and false to the Liberal programme of 1893 on which the Liberals, now in control of the Government at Ottawa, climbed into power.

**INSURGENCY IN THE
CANADIAN
LIBERAL PARTY**

Combinations and trusts and price agreements among manufacturers were few in Canada from 1879 to 1896, in comparison with trusts and combinations to-day.

Competition among manufacturers as to prices scarcely exists in Canada. There is even less competition among manufacturers than there is in this country. The West has felt the burden of these conditions—of conditions under which farm equipment made in Canada is sold at from ten to thirty per cent less in England and Scotland than the same equipment can be obtained for at Winnipeg or Calgary. Prices for grain and cattle raised in the West are made at London and Liverpool, and the Western ranchers and grain-growers gain nothing from the agricultural schedules of the Dominion tariff. It was the realization of these conditions, and the failure of the Liberal Governments since 1896 to fulfill the pledges of 1893 and 1894, that provoked the bluntly expressed criticism and threats of insurgency which greeted Sir Wilfrid Laurier at nearly every place at which he stopped. The Liberal farmers and grain-growers availed themselves of the Premier's presence in their neighborhood to persuade him and the Liberal party at Ottawa that the West is in revolt against the tariff of 1907; that it insists on lower duties all through the schedules, and is also intent on reciprocity with the United States; in fact, that the Liberals of the West still stand by the Liberal programme of 1893. In a speech at Winnipeg in 1894 Sir Wilfrid Laurier denounced protection as slavery, and likened it to slavery in the Southern States, and quite as strong a denunciation was embodied in the anti-protectionist resolutions of the National Convention of the Liberal party held at Ottawa in 1893. These utterances of the Premier and of the Liberal party in its opposition days were read to the Premier at Brandon and at other places on the tour, and he was asked why these pledges had not been made good. "I believe in free trade as firmly as I ever did," answered Sir Wilfrid Laurier at Edmonton, "and it is no fault of mine that free trade principles in which I believe have not been carried into immediate effect; but nevertheless we have followed the practice of gradually reducing the tariff." At Regina the Premier was told that the deputation did not ask for his sympathy with the grain-growers and farmers in their grievances under the

tariff. They did not want sympathy. They wanted unequivocal assurances that the tariff would be lowered. It was language like this that led the Premier to promise that there shall be another inquiry by a Tariff Commission—the third inquiry that will have been held since 1896; so that the tariff, supposed to have been settled for years to come by the revision of 1907, is again a much open question in the Dominion. Equally emphatic and quite as frequent were demands that the Ottawa Government shall work for a reciprocity treaty with the United States. "We are prepared," said Sir Wilfrid Laurier in replying to a demand for reciprocity made at Brandon, Manitoba, "to meet our American neighbors on their solicitation, and see how far we can agree, on two conditions—first and foremost and all the time, the British preference; and, second, protection to vested interests." But little danger can come to the British preference from a reciprocity treaty; but vested interests to whose safeguarding Sir Wilfrid Laurier thus pledged himself are chiefly those of the coal and lumbering companies, and, more important still, those that are in the care of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, and this association is already preparing for a demonstration against reciprocity at the approaching annual convention at Vancouver.

THE INTERNATIONAL
CONGRESS
OF ESPERANTISTS

There has just been held at Washington, D. C., a Congress quite unique in the history of America; for although there have been five other Esperanto Congresses in Europe, this one, the sixth, is no doubt the first to attract, to any great extent, the attention of Americans. It will probably bring to the notice of many, for the first time, the progress that has been made in the universal language, both abroad and at home. Our State Department, through its Ambassadors and Ministers, invited the various Governments to participate in this Congress, thus giving the same Government recognition that was secured for the Fifth Congress, which was held at Barcelona in 1909. In response to this invitation nine foreign countries sent official representatives, and del-

legates from thirty-seven different countries were in attendance. The Spanish Government not only sent a representative to Washington, but also one who will attend the American Commercial Congress, to be held in the City of Mexico September 8. The formal opening was on August 15, at which Dr. Zamenhof, of Poland, the author of Esperanto, made the opening address. This neutral language is the result of more than thirty years of arduous labor—eliminating, as far as possible, the difficulties of grammar, pronunciation, construction, and orthography of the world's languages; the result being that to-day there is offered, its advocates contend, a medium of speech so simple in grammar, with a uniform pronunciation of all vowels and consonants, and a vocabulary so largely composed of words with Latin roots and words used in common by several nations, that it can be easily acquired in a short time. To a person already reading or speaking two or three languages, a page of Esperanto, given to him for the first time, seems strangely familiar. Esperanto Clubs can now be found in most of the larger cities of the United States and in many towns. A knowledge of reading and writing the language can be easily acquired by means of the Correspondence School, whose examinations are given in both preliminary and advanced work. Many make the mistake of thinking that the advocates of Esperanto hope that in time it may supplant other languages. This is quite untrue. It is only claimed to be an auxiliary language, one easy to acquire and one which will give to all nations a means of direct communication, thus aiding commerce and the cause of peace. The Secretary of the American Federation of Labor was present at one of the conferences, and spoke of the advantage of the adoption of a universal language by the International Congress of Labor. The mornings were devoted to important discussions both in the general assembly and at the special sessions of the Congress committees, while the afternoons were spent in sightseeing either in the city itself or in excursions to the interesting points outside, Mount Vernon being the Mecca for all delegates, both foreign and American. The entertainments for the evening included a concert, lectures, a moonlight excursion on

the Potomac, a reception, the presentation of prizes in the literary contest, an international ball, and the presentation of Shakespeare's "As You Like It." This last and most interesting event was held out of doors, and the play was given by the "Hickman Players," who three weeks ago knew nothing of Esperanto. Even the rules for baseball were translated into this auxiliary language and given to the foreign delegates that they might better enjoy our National game. On Thursday they witnessed the game between Washington and Cleveland. One interesting feature of the Convention was a service on Sunday in St. Paul's Episcopal Church, the language of the entire service being exclusively Esperanto; another novel feature was the teaching of Esperanto to a few policemen who were to be detailed for service during the visit of the Esperantists. Washington policemen are always courteous and most willing to give important information, but what could they do if questioned in some thirty or more languages and dialects? The experiment is said to have worked successfully. Everything was done to make this first American Congress a success, and the thousand or more delegates will long remember their welcome to the National capital. New Orleans has petitioned to have the Esperanto Congress of 1915 meet there, in conjunction with the celebration of the opening of the Panama Canal.



FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE

Fifty-four years after the end of the Crimean War, the heroine who then won all English hearts and the admiration of the world passes away, in her ninety-first year. Longfellow wrote of her as "The Lady of the Lamp," and so the wounded called her as she passed by night through the hospitals at Scutari; "The Angel of the Crimea" and "The Soldier's Friend" were titles often given her; while Kinglake named her "The Lady in Chief." The story is told that at a social gathering in London after the war a vote was taken on the question as to whom the nation owed the deepest debt of gratitude, and that, instead of names of soldiers and statesmen, on all the ballots only one name was written—that of Florence

Nightingale. When it was found that the British Government had been woefully lacking in hospital and sanitary planning, so that there were thousands of wounded and sick lying in abominable conditions and without decent nursing, a cry of horror went up, a million pounds were subscribed for a relief fund, and slowly it became evident that what was needed was not so much money as intelligent organization and personal devotion. There were then no women nurses in the hospitals, and Mr. Russell, the famous "Times" correspondent, asked: "Are there no devoted women among us able and willing to go forth and minister to the sick and suffering soldiers of the East in the hospital at Scutari? Are none of the daughters of England at this extreme hour of need ready for such mercy work?" Miss Nightingale had already a training in German and English hospitals, and her ideas of management were in advance of the time. The Secretary of War's letter asking her to undertake the task crossed one from her offering her services. With about thirty-five women assistants she sailed for the Crimea within a week, and arrived just after the battle of Inkerman. She had a hard fight against martinets and doctors, who thought women had no place in war, and her great success was not merely that of personal heroism, but of scientific intelligence. Mr. Joseph H. Choate last May, at a meeting in honor of Florence Nightingale's birthday, said: "It will seem incredible to most people that fifty years ago, and less, we were still in the primitive stage of the development of the art of medicine, when any corner loafer was deemed good enough to be a male nurse, and any strong woman, no matter how brutal or ignorant, was deemed fit to take care of the sick. To-day the number of graduate nurses in the United States alone is in the neighborhood of seventy-five thousand." As a nurse, she shrank from no horror; she not merely helped but comforted; she gently held up the courage of the dying and suffering men; they loved her because she reminded them of home. Her skill in organization was seen after the war as well as during it. When the English people presented her with a quarter of a million of dollars as an evidence of

their esteem, she established with it a training-school for nurses, and for many years superintended it. During our Civil War her advice as to the management of field hospitals was of high value. Upon her were conferred medals and honors never before granted a woman—the Order of Merit and the freedom of the City of London. Gladly would a place be made for her in Westminster Abbey, but her expressed desire was that she might lie in a quiet country churchyard.



ART AND FIRE

Although the first reports of the extensive fire at the Brussels International Exhibition on Sunday of last week were exaggerated, the art loss involved was serious, and loss of this kind is irreparable. Many of the art treasures loaned to the Exhibition, such as Gobelin tapestries, paintings, and marbles, were saved only by the utmost exertion and with barely sufficient time. But the British section suffered severely, especially in the loss of its Tudor paintings, Mortlake tapestries, and ancient furniture—the display of old English decorative arts and crafts was the finest ever made, and contained many pieces which money could not buy. Insurance is but a mockery in such matters from the point of view of the lover of art. The lesson of such devastation is patent: if we are to have enormous expositions of this kind, only the most solid and substantial buildings should be used for collections of art objects, and they should be placed far away from the flimsy shells in which side-shows of all sorts are carried on. The Brussels Exhibition, it is understood, had a right to boast of the solid character of its main buildings, but when fire broke out in the "Kermesse," where were all the attractions like those of the "Midway" at Chicago and the "Pike" at St. Louis, it seemed for a time impossible to stop the flames from sweeping everything before them. The loss, as it was, mounted into millions of dollars, while the holiday crowd of a hundred thousand people in the "Kermesse" fell into a panic as the conflagration was driven through the inflammable structures by a fierce gale; two were killed, thirty injured, and reports say that it is almost a miracle that more did not

suffer. It is not absolutely imperative, in the opinion of many, that the world should have these enormous expositions; but if we are to have them, they must be made reasonably safe to life and secure as to works of art.

ROBERT TREAT
PAINE

Never was the New England conscience more genially employed than in the good works of Robert Treat Paine. His activities, which were terminated by death at Waltham, Massachusetts, on the 11th of this month, were as truly the product of Puritan traditions and training as were ever those severe and forbidding customs and doctrines which are commonly associated with Puritanism; but they were directed toward ends of human service. Descendant of one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence and also of a Governor of the colony of Rhode Island, born in Boston, a graduate of Harvard, for many years a resident of Waltham, Mr. Paine had the characteristics that mark a man as belonging to eastern Massachusetts. The qualities that he received from this inheritance and training he devoted to the advancement of human welfare in many directions. He was perhaps most widely known for his service in behalf of International Peace. He was President of the American Peace Society for nearly twenty years. He was interested in all public questions. In 1884 he was a member of the Massachusetts Legislature, and was a nominee for Congress. He spent his best efforts, however, in what, for lack of a better term, is commonly called philanthropy. For nearly thirty years he was President of the Associated Charities of Boston, and maintained his connection with that organization afterwards as an honorary vice-president. In particular he devoted his time, his money, his thought, and his energy to the improvement of the conditions of workingmen. It was Mr. Paine who organized in 1879 and as President directed the workingman's institute well known in Boston as the Wells Memorial. He was President also of a Workingmen's Co-operative Bank, a Workingmen's Building Association, and a Workingmen's Loan Association. He was active in providing better housing for the wage-earners of the fac-

tories, not only by attacking cheap and unsanitary tenements and making improvements, but also, and more especially, by providing means by which men and women could own their own homes. His work in this respect was done not by free gifts but by methods which could stand business tests. What he did was to make it possible for a man to apply his rent to investment in a home. Nothing perhaps can better represent at once his humanitarian purposes and his New England standards than this sentence which is attributed to him: "You cannot expect to find in squalor and filth the germs of education and refinement; neither can insufficient ventilation and a total absence of sanitation produce that fine flower of culture and æstheticism which has marked the Boston known to the outside world to-day."

THE DEATH
OF PRESIDENT MONTT

Last week we commented briefly on the visit of President Montt, of Chile, to this country. Before the words reached many of our readers the cable despatches gave the news of President Montt's sudden death at Bremen. It was known that for some time he had been in serious danger from heart disease, but it was hoped that rest and foreign travel would restore him. High praise is due Pedro Montt for his patriotism and wisdom. When we talk contemptuously of some South American and Central American republics, and despise dictators who come and go as did Zelaya and Castro, it is only fair to remember that such so-called republics are insignificant compared with splendid nations like Brazil, Argentina, and, in a less degree, Chile. To make his country sound and strong was President Montt's ambition. His father had been President before him, but this was not a case of direct succession. Mr. Montt was chosen as head of the Chilean Government without pressure or unfairness. He had been a Minister at Washington, and was familiar with American affairs and most friendly in his feelings and relations with this country. He was elected five years ago as the Liberal candidate, and his term would have expired next year. As a political leader and as the executive head of Chile, President

Montt strenuously opposed all attempts to debase the currency of the country or to confuse its finances, and he was equally ardent in urging economy in the public expenditures, the friendly settlement of difficulties with other countries, the commercial and railway development of Chile, and the adoption of a satisfactory educational system.

THE ELIMINATION OF THE GRADE CROSSING

The grade crossing is one of the conditions which make the tale of railway accidents in America year after year an appalling one. If we are to make the operation of railways as efficient in this country as it is in England, the State must co-operate with the railways in the elimination of crossings at grades. In the State of New York to-day there are over eighty-five hundred crossings of highways and steam railways at grade, an average of more than one for each mile of railway in operation. In Greater New York, with its dense population, there are four hundred and fifty-seven crossings at grade, eighty-nine of which are in Manhattan and seventy-four below Sixty-first Street. The Long Island Railroad, in the growing Borough of Queens, has one hundred and ninety-six grade crossings, and two hundred and twenty-five flagmen and gatemen are employed. The State is a veritable network of railways, and, with traffic increasing enormously each year, and the impetus that has been given highway travel by the automobile, the situation has reached a most acute stage. The accident table for ten years shows a record of one thousand and twelve persons killed and thirteen hundred and seventy injured at such crossings. In two years and a half fifty-six persons were killed and one hundred injured in New York City alone. A recent complaint to the Public Service Commission stated that at one crossing near Binghamton forty persons had been killed, and one complainant claimed that the number killed was sixty since the railway was built. The railway has an electric bell at the crossing, and its operating officer does not consider the crossing dangerous. An analysis of all accidents to the traveling public, employees, and trespassers on steam railways during ten years

shows that twelve and a half per cent of all killed in New York State met their deaths at grade crossings, and six per cent of all the injuries were received at the same place. That the protection of crossings by gates or flagmen is not wholly effective is shown by the record that at crossings thus protected two hundred and ninety-nine were killed and two hundred and fifty-four injured in the same period. The latter figures are convincing as to the necessity of carrying the highways over or under the tracks or of elevating or depressing the tracks.

THE COST OF SAVING LIFE

The State of New York is now engaged in spending one hundred and one millions of dollars on the Barge Canal to facilitate commerce, and fifty millions on good roads to make easy the way of the highway traveler; but in the thirteen years during which it has been the policy of the State to share in the expense of eliminating steam railway grade crossings which are a constant menace and danger to the public it has appropriated but \$1,600,000. Last year not one cent was appropriated by the State for this purpose. Under the State grade crossing law the cost of eliminating existing crossings is divided, the railway paying one-half and the State and the municipality each one-quarter. The total number of grade crossings eliminated with State aid is two hundred and thirty-three. Schenectady is the one city in the State which has completed the work of wiping out all grade crossings in the city limits; the work cost over \$2,000,000, of which the State paid \$400,000. This year provision is made for but \$350,000 for this work in the State outside Greater New York, and \$250,000 within the greater city. There are pending before the Public Service Commission, Second District, to-day, applications which would, if granted, bring the State's expense up to over a million dollars; and if there were any prospect of additional State aid the number of applications would quickly take up every dollar appropriated, even though that amount were many millions. The attitude of the larger steam railways under the State aid plan has been one of willing-

ness to pay their legal share when the State and municipalities are ready. The comparative position of New York State in the eliminating of its existing crossings can best be seen by comparing it with Massachusetts, which leads the country in State aid work, New York having approximately eight thousand miles of track and Massachusetts approximately twenty-one hundred miles. New York has appropriated for this work \$1,600,000, and Massachusetts has spent \$8,376,174.38. Work in New York can progress only as the State appropriates money for its proportion of the expenses, as no crossings can be ordered eliminated unless there is money on hand to pay the State's proportion, even though the railway and municipality may be ready to proceed. Chicago has, notwithstanding the protests of the railways, secured legislation placing the entire cost of eliminating upon the railways, and already \$53,000,000 has been spent for track elevation and grade crossing eliminating, and \$19,000,000 more is to be expended in the very near future in this work. The only other States giving State aid are Massachusetts, Connecticut, Vermont, and Wisconsin.

FOR GOOD ROADS

In the latter part of July the third annual Convention of the National Good Roads Congress was held. The sentiment of those who gathered at this Convention at Niagara Falls seemed to be practically unanimous for some form of Federal participation in a work which, in some cases at least, seems to be too great for immediate accomplishment by the States alone. The introduction and popularization of the bicycle served to create a sentiment on behalf of good roads which has been further aroused by the increasing use of the automobile. It is not only as a pleasure vehicle, but also as a means of ready access to city markets, that the automobile has stimulated the demand for roads that shall be something better than mud tracks in winter and dust tracks in summer. Virginia has furnished an illustration of the spread of the movement in behalf of good roads. In his address before the Rural Life Conference at the summer school of the University of Virginia, Governor Mann stated that the State's agri-

cultural products, including cattle and fruit, had increased from eighty-five million dollars in 1900 to a hundred and eighty-two million dollars this year, and added that to a very great extent this was the result of good roads and modern farming; and he pointed out that thirteen counties had issued bonds for roads amounting to over a million dollars, and that twenty-three counties had greatly extended their good road mileage. New York State has a highway department which directs the expenditure of fifty million dollars appropriated for good roads. It is estimated that improvement of roads in New York State will in the next ten years increase farm values twenty dollars an acre. In addition, the encouragement of travel created by the improvement of the roads will inevitably result in increased prosperity to the State. Money invested in improved highways will return to the people many times the original amount.

MR. ROOSEVELT'S WESTERN TRIP

Before this issue of The Outlook reaches our readers, Mr. Roosevelt will have started upon his Western trip, during which he is to make several speeches touching upon certain public questions of the day in which there is acute interest throughout the country. His itinerary includes visits to the following places, at some of which, however, his stay is limited to an hour or so: Utica and Buffalo, New York; Chicago, Illinois; Kansas City, Missouri; Omaha, Nebraska; Sioux City, Iowa; Cheyenne, Wyoming; Sioux Falls, South Dakota; Denver and Pueblo, Colorado; Fargo, North Dakota; Osawatomie, Kansas; St. Paul and Minneapolis, Minnesota; Milwaukee, Wisconsin; Chicago and Freeport, Illinois; Cincinnati, Ohio; and Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. The party will leave New York Tuesday, August 23, and arrive again in New York on September 11. Mr. Roosevelt's chief speeches will be made at Utica, Cheyenne, Denver, Omaha, Osawatomie, Sioux Falls, Fargo, St. Paul, Kansas City, Milwaukee, Chicago, and Pittsburgh. He will be accompanied by Mr. William B. Howland, the publisher of The Outlook, Mr. Ernest Hamlin Abbott, of its editorial staff, and Mr. Frank Harper, his private secretary.

RURAL LIFE¹

There are no two public questions of more vital importance to the future of this country than the problem of Conservation and the problem of the betterment of country life. Moreover, these two problems are really interdependent, for neither of them can be successfully solved save on condition that there is at least a measurable success in the effort to solve the other. In any great country the prime physical asset—the physical asset more valuable than any other—is the fertility of the soil. All our industrial and commercial welfare, all our material development of every kind, depends in the last resort upon our preserving and increasing the fertility of the soil. This, of course, means the conservation of the soil as the great natural resource; and equally, of course, it furthermore implies the development of country life, for there cannot be a permanent improvement of the soil if the life of those who live on it, and make their living out of it, is suffered to starve and languish, to become stunted and weazened and inferior to the type of life lived elsewhere. We are now trying to preserve, not for exploitation by individuals, but for the permanent benefit of the whole people, the waters and the forests, and we are doing this primarily as a means of adding to the fertility of the soil; although in each case there is a great secondary use both of the water and of the forests for commercial and industrial purposes. In the same way it is essential for the farmers themselves to try to broaden the life of the man who lives in the open country; to make it more attractive; to give it every adjunct and aid to development which has been given to the life of the man of the cities. Therefore the conservation and rural life policies are really two sides of the same policy; and down at bottom this policy rests upon the fundamental law that neither man nor nation can prosper unless, in dealing with the present, thought is steadily taken for the future.

In one sense this problem with which we have to deal is very, very old. Where-

ever civilizations have hitherto sprung up they have always tended to go through certain stages and then to fall. No nation can develop a real civilization without cities. Up to a certain point the city movement is thoroughly healthy; yet it is a strange and lamentable fact that always hitherto after this point has been reached the city has tended to develop at the expense of the country by draining the country of what is best in it, and making an insignificant return for this best. In consequence, in the past, every civilization in its later stages has tended really to witness those conditions under which "the cities prosper and the men decay." There are ugly signs that these tendencies are at work in this nation of ours. But very fortunately we see now what never before was seen in any civilization—an aroused and alert public interest in the problem, a recognition of its gravity and a desire to attempt its solution.

The problem does not consist merely in the growth of the city. Such a growth in itself is a good thing and not a bad thing for the country. The problem consists in the growth of the city at the expense of the country; and, even where this is not the case, in so great an equality of growth in power and interest as to make the city more attractive than the country, and therefore apt to drain the country of the people who ought to live therein.

The human side of the rural life problem is to make the career of the farmer and the career of the farm laborer as attractive and as remunerative as corresponding careers in the city. Now, I am well aware that the farmer must himself take the lead in bringing this about. A century and a quarter ago the wise English farmer, Arthur Young, wrote of the efforts to improve French wool: "A cultivator at the head of a sheep farm of 3,000 or 4,000 acres would in a few years do more for their wools than all the academicians and philosophers will effect in ten centuries." It is absurd to think that any man who has studied the subject only theoretically is fit to direct those who practically work at the matter. But I wish to insist to you here—to you practical men, who own and work your farms—that it is an equally pernicious absurdity

¹ This article forms the basis of an address which Mr. Roosevelt made on Tuesday of this week before a union meeting of the Granges of Herkimer and Oneida Counties at Utica, New York.—THE EDITORS.

for the practical man to refuse to benefit by the work of the student. The English farmer I have quoted, Young, was a practical farmer, but he was also a scientific farmer. One reason why the great business men of to-day—the great industrial leaders—have gone ahead, while the farmer has tended to sag behind the others, is that they are far more willing, and indeed eager, to profit by expert and technical knowledge—the knowledge that can come only as a result of the highest education. From railways to factories no great industrial concern can nowadays be carried on save by the aid of a swarm of men who have received a high technical education in chemistry, in engineering, in electricity, in one or more of scores of special subjects. The big business man, the big railway man, does not ask college-trained experts to tell him how to run his business; but he does ask numbers of them each to give him expert advice and aid on some one point indispensable to his business. He finds this man usually in some graduate of a technical school or college in which he has been trained for his life work.

In just the same way the farmers should benefit by the advice of the technical men who have been trained in phases of the very work the farmer does. I am not now speaking of the man who has had an ordinary general training, whether in school or college. While there should undoubtedly be such a training as a foundation (the extent differing according to the kind of work each boy intends to do as a man), it is nevertheless true that our educational system should more and more be turned in the direction of educating men towards, and not away from, the farm and the shop. During the last half-century we have begun to develop a system of agricultural education at once practical and scientific, and we must go on developing it. But, after developing it, it must be used. The rich man who spends a fortune upon a fancy farm, with entire indifference to cost, does not do much good to farming; but, on the other hand, just as little is done by the working farmer who stolidly refuses to profit by the knowledge of the day; who treats any effort at improvement as absurd on its face, refuses to countenance what he regards as new-fangled ideas and contrivances, and jeers

at all "book farming." I wish I could take representatives of this type of farmer down to Long Island, where I live, to have them see what has been done, not as philanthropy but as a plain business proposition, by men connected with the Long Island Railroad, who believe it pays to encourage the development of farms along the line of that railway. They have put practical men in charge of experimental farms, cultivating them intensively, and using the best modern methods, not only in raising crops, but in securing the best market for the crops when raised. The growth has been astounding, and land only fifty miles from New York, which during our entire National lifetime has been treated as worthless, has within the last three or four years been proved to possess a really high value.

The farmer, however, must not only make his land pay, but he must make country life interesting for himself and for his wife and his sons and daughters. Our people as a whole should realize the infinite possibilities of life in the country; and every effort should be made to make these possibilities more possible. From the beginning of time it has been the man raised in the country—and usually the man born in the country—who has been most apt to render the services which every nation most needs. Turning to the list of American statesmen, it is extraordinary to see how large a proportion started as farm boys. But it is rather sad to see that in recent years most of these same boys have ended their lives as men living in cities.

It often happens that the good conditions of the past can be regained, not by going back, but by going forward. We cannot re-create what is dead; we cannot stop the march of events; but we can direct this march, and out of the new conditions develop something better than the past knew. Henry Clay was a farmer who lived all his life in the country; Washington was a farmer who lived and died in the country; and we of this Nation ought to make it our business to see that the conditions are made such that farm life in the future shall not only develop men of the stamp of Washington and Henry Clay, but shall be so attractive that these men may continue as farmers;

for remember that Washington and Henry Clay were successful farmers. I hope that things will so shape themselves that the farmer can have a great career and yet end his life as a farmer; so that the city man will look forward to living in the country rather than the country man to living in the city.

Farmers should learn how to combine effectively, as has been done in industry. I heartily believe in farmers' organizations; and we should all welcome every step taken towards an increasing co-operation among farmers. The importance of such movements cannot be overestimated; and through such intelligent joint action it will be possible to improve the market just as much as the farm.

Country life should be as attractive as city life, and the country people should insist upon having their full representation when it comes to dealing with all great public questions. In other words, country folks should demand that they work on equal terms with city folks in all such matters. They should have their share in the memberships of commissions and councils; in short, of all the organized bodies for laying plans for great enterprises affecting all the people. I am glad to see on such bodies the names that represent financial interests, but those interests should not have the right-of-way, and in all enterprises and movements in which the social condition of the country is involved, the agricultural country—the open country—should be as well represented as the city. The man of the open country is apt to have certain qualities which the city man has lost. These qualities offset those which the city man has and he himself has not. The two should be put on equal terms, and the country talent be given the same opportunity as the city talent to express itself and to contribute to the welfare of the world in which we live.

The country church should be made a true social center, alive to every need of the community, standing for a broad individual outlook and development, taking the lead in work and in recreation, caring more for conduct than for dogma, more for ethical, spiritual, practical betterment than for merely formal piety. The country fair offers far greater possibilities for

continuous and healthy usefulness than it at present affords. The country school should be made a vital center for economic, social, and educational co-operation; it is naturally fitted to be such a center for those engaged in commercial farming, and still more for those engaged in domestic farming, for those who live on and by the small farms they themselves own. The problem of the farm is really the problem of the family that lives on the farm. On all these questions there is need of intelligent study, such as marks the books of Professor Bailey, of Cornell, and of Sir Horace Plunkett's book on the "Rural Life Problems of the United States."

One feature of the problem should be recognized by the farmer at once, and an effort made to deal with it. It is our duty and our business to consider the farm laborer exactly as we consider the farmer. No country life can be satisfactory when the owners of farms tend, for whatever reason, to go away to live in cities instead of working their farms; and, moreover, it cannot be really satisfactory when the labor system is so managed that there is for part of the year a demand for labor which cannot be met, and during another part of the year no demand for labor at all, so that the farmers tend to rely on migratory laborers who come out to work in the country with no permanent interest in it and with no prospect of steady employment. It is exceedingly difficult to make a good citizen out of a man who cannot count upon some steadiness and continuity in the work which means to him his livelihood. Economic conditions on the farm—in variety and kind of crop-growing, especially as distributed in time, and in housing for the men—must be so shaped as to render it possible for the man who labors for the farmer to be steadily employed under conditions which foster his self-respect and tend for his development.

Above all, the conditions of farm life must always be shaped with a view to the welfare of the farmer's wife and the farm laborer's wife, quite as much as to the welfare of the farmer and the farm laborer. To have the woman a mere drudge is at least as bad as to have the man a mere drudge. It is every whit as important to

introduce new machines to economize her labor within the house, as it is to introduce machinery to increase the effectiveness of his labor outside the house. I have not the slightest sympathy with any movement which looks to excusing men and women for the non-performance of duty and fixes attention only on rights and not on duties. The woman who shirks her duty as housewife, as mother, is a contemptible creature; just as the corresponding man is a contemptible creature. But the welfare of the woman is even more important than the welfare of the man; for the mother is the real Atlas, who bears aloft in her strong and tender arms the destiny of the world. She deserves honor and consideration such as no man should receive. She forfeits all claim to this honor and consideration if she shirks her duties. But the average American woman does not shirk them; and it is a matter of the highest obligation for us to see that they are performed under conditions which make for her welfare and happiness and for the welfare and happiness of the children she brings into the world.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.



BOSSISM OR LEADERSHIP

The conflict in the Republican party in New York State this fall is of National interest, not only because New York is a great State and a pivotal State in National elections, but because the paramount issue of New York is the same as that all over the country. This paramount issue, as *The Outlook* has stated several times, is the issue between oligarchy and democracy, between special interests and the public interest, between rule by the few and rule by the many.

That this is the real issue in New York State is made clearer than ever by the action of the Republican State Committee last week. The Committee selected as the temporary Chairman of the State Convention—the officer whose speech in opening the Convention is by custom supposed to set the “keynote” for the campaign—Vice-President Sherman, and rejected Mr. Roosevelt, whose name had been presented by the representatives of New York County. The failure to select Mr.

Roosevelt can properly be described as a rejection but not as a defeat, for Mr. Roosevelt had distinctly stated that he would accept the position only if the Committee wanted the kind of speech that he was prepared to make.

The selection of Mr. Sherman was brought about by the group of party managers headed by William Barnes, Jr., of Albany, James W. Wadsworth, Speaker of the Assembly, George W. Aldridge, of Rochester, and Timothy L. Woodruff, Chairman of the State Republican Committee. These men are upholders of the theory of autocratic rule in party government; they are unalterably opposed to the principle of direct nominations; they twice opposed in vain the nomination of Mr. Hughes; and throughout his two terms they fought the measures which he advocated. They are the kind of political leaders who would rather lead their party to defeat than let others lead it to victory. Their policy, if it is carried out logically along the lines upon which it has been started, will be a policy of “rule or ruin.”

The Republican party in New York State has before it one possible road to victory this fall. It is evident from the statement which Mr. Roosevelt issued after the action of the Committee was made public, that the speech which he would have delivered as temporary Chairman would have pointed the way to that road. In the statement he said:

To the various persons who asked me whether I would accept the position of temporary Chairman of the State Convention I said that I would do so only if they were sure, after knowing my attitude, that they desired me, because my speech would be of such a character that it might help if the Convention nominated the right kind of a man on a clean-cut, progressive platform; but that it would hurt if neither the right kind of man were nominated nor the right kind of platform adopted.

The only hope of success for the Republican party in New York lies in the selection of the right kind of candidate and the adoption of the right kind of platform. The right kind of candidate would be a representative, not of oligarchy, but of democracy; a supporter of the rule, not of the few, but of the many. The right kind of platform would not indulge, in the antiquated, stereotyped way, in blanket panegyrics upon everything that the Re-

publican party has ever done, but would indorse those admirable accomplishments of the past four years which have been brought about, not under the domination of the party bosses, but under the leadership of Governor Hughes. Such a platform would also declare in unmistakable terms for the principle of democracy in party affairs as embodied in the doctrine of direct nominations, a doctrine which the people of the State are ready to adopt, if the bosses whose dominance it threatens are not.

Whether the Republican party or the Democratic party is successful in New York State this year may be a matter of comparatively small importance, but the question whether the victory which is won shall be a victory for oligarchy or for democracy, for special interests or for the public interest, for rule by the few or for rule by the many, cannot fail to be of tremendous importance. This is the most vital political question which the American people have to consider to-day. For only when this question is properly answered can there be carried on efficiently the work of social and economic legislation which is essential to our National progress.



NOT ENOUGH

Newspaper despatches have reported that the Administration is ready to acquiesce in the retirement of Secretary Ballinger from the Secretaryship of the Interior, Senator Aldrich from the Rhode Island Senatorship, and Speaker Cannon from the Speakership of the House. It has been intimated that the acquiescence in the retirement of these men from public life is in compliance with the public sentiment that has associated Secretary Ballinger with opposition to Conservation, Senator Aldrich with tariff legislation for special interests, and Speaker Cannon with oligarchical methods of legislation. We have no means of knowing what foundation these despatches have. It is possible that they express in substance the conclusion reached by the responsible leaders of the Republican party; it is possible that they represent merely an attempt on the part of subordinate party officials to test public opinion; or it is

possible that they are merely the unfounded inferences of an imaginative newspaper correspondent. We do not here either assume or question their authenticity.

In any case, however, such a policy as they represent will not satisfy public demand. If the Republican party desires success, it will not secure it through the mere retirement of these men. The present public unrest is not a clamor for vengeance on any individual or individuals. It is not a demand for the heads of victims. It is rather a demand for a constructive policy and for an efficient application of such a policy.

The retirement of Secretary Ballinger, of Senator Aldrich, of Speaker Cannon, is not enough. What the people want to see is a man in Secretary Ballinger's place who is an enthusiastic believer in Conservation and an efficient administrator of Conservation policies; in Senator Aldrich's place a man who will withstand the pressure of private interests and will vote for laws in the interest of the public; and in Speaker Cannon's place a man who will oppose parliamentary oligarchy and further methods of legislation in accord with the spirit of popular self-government.



THE POWER OF THE COURTS

That language, however carefully framed, is as liable to diverse interpretations by lawyers as by theologians is curiously illustrated by the following facts.

The Constitution of the United States defines the powers of the Executive and of the Judiciary in very similar phrases, as follows:

Art. II, Sec. 1. The executive power shall be vested in a President of the United States of America.

Art. III, Sec. 1. The judicial power of the United States shall be vested in one Supreme Court, and in such inferior courts as the Congress may from time to time ordain and establish.

Lawyers have maintained that under the first clause of the Constitution the Executive has no powers except such as are expressly conferred on him either by the explicit language of the Constitution, by treaties adopted by the Senate, or by

laws enacted by the Congress; and lawyers have maintained that under the second clause the Congress has no authority to put any limit on or enact any limiting definition of the powers conferred upon the courts.

The Outlook holds both of these views to be untenable. It holds that the President has all the executive powers belonging to the King in a constitutional government such as that of England, and the courts have all the judicial powers belonging to courts in such a government, except as they are both limited by subsequent provisions of the Constitution. But in neither case are these autocratic powers.

The question is a very practical one.

"The Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science" for July, 1910, contains a very interesting debate on the "Use and Abuse of Injunctions in Trade Disputes," participated in by Mr. Jackson H. Ralston, of Washington, D. C., representing the labor side, Mr. Charles E. Littlefield, late of the House of Representatives, representing himself, and Mr. James A. Emery, representing the National Council of Industrial Defense. In this debate Mr. Littlefield contended that "the right to have equity controversies dealt with by equitable methods is as sacred as the right of trial by jury," and quotes this declaration in these words, from a State decision in Michigan. He goes on to affirm that the right to an injunction is an equitable method, and therefore the citizen has a right to an injunction. And he denies that Congress has any authority to define, direct, or limit the exercise of the power of the Federal courts to issue injunctions; neither to determine in what cases it may issue, nor what notice to the opposing party shall be required before its issuance. "If the Legislature can say the order shall not be issued except after forty-eight hours' notice, it can equally well say seven, ten, or fourteen days."

If Mr. Littlefield is right, the courts are autocratic courts with power over the persons and property of the people limited only by their own discretion. For example:

If a strike is threatened, the court can forbid a strike, and the Congress cannot by law prevent the court from forbidding

it, cannot legalize the strike, cannot require the court to give notice to the labor union that they may present reasons why the injunction should not be granted. If the injunction is disobeyed, and in the course of the strike a criminal assault is committed, the person accused of the criminal assault can be brought before the judge who has issued the injunction and by him be tried, convicted, and sentenced. The Constitution of the United States provides that "in all criminal prosecutions the accused shall enjoy the right to a speedy and public trial by an impartial jury, of the State and district wherein the crime shall have been committed." But according to Mr. Littlefield the court can deny him the trial by jury because this is not a criminal prosecution, but a contempt case in a court of equity. Therefore the accused may be tried without a jury, and transferred for his trial to another State or district, and tried by a single judge in private.

And Congress is powerless to correct the injustice.

Mr. Emery argues that in such a case no right of the accused is taken from him. For, after he has been tried in private before a judge without a jury and punished for his alleged action, as a contempt, he can be brought before a grand jury, indicted, prosecuted, convicted, and punished for his alleged action, as a crime. So his right to a trial by jury is safeguarded after all! It is true that the jury may find him innocent in the public trial, and the judge may find him guilty in the private trial. But that is only a misfortune, not an injustice. And Mr. Emery cites to this effect a decision of a Circuit judge in the Debs case. That we may not be accused of misrepresenting Mr. Emery, we quote his own language:

An act forbidden by an injunction may, through the spectacles of criminal law, also constitute a crime, but a court of equity in a contempt proceeding punishes only the violation of its order and not the criminal offense which may be committed at the same time.

Not only at the same time, but by the same act.

Thus, by the doctrine that the legislature cannot define, direct, or limit the exercise of judicial powers by the court, we are brought to this result—that an

accused may be twice punished for the same act, or acquitted of the charge by a jury and in spite of the acquittal punished by a judge.

And this injustice also Congress can do nothing to prevent.

It seems to us preposterous to suppose that when our fathers gave the Congress power to determine the conditions and regulations under which even the Supreme Court can act as a court of appeals, they left the Congress without power to define, direct, or limit the functions of the inferior Federal courts which it has power to create and by necessary implication to abolish. This is to make the creature superior to its creator.

We do not believe that they ever intended to make possible any such injustice. We do not believe that they meant to nullify their carefully devised provisions for a jury trial and against putting any man in jeopardy twice for the same offense. With the contemporaneous action of autocratic judges in England in the prosecutions for libel by the English Government—the very Government which our fathers had been fighting—and with the more remote but not forgotten wrongs perpetrated by the Bloody Jeffreys under James II, and the earlier wrongs perpetrated by the complaisant judges of Charles I in the Star Chamber proceedings, in their minds, we do not believe that the framers of the United States Constitution ever intended to create autocratic tribunals and put them out of the power of the people to control.

An autocratic judiciary is neither better nor worse than an autocratic executive. There is one respect and only one in which the courts are superior to the Congress. The Supreme Court of the United States is the final interpreter of the written Constitution, and therefore the final judge of what are the powers which through that Constitution the people have given to the Congress. With that exception, the powers and proceedings of the Federal courts are subject to the general direction of the people through the Congress.

Next week we shall discuss the question how the Congress should exercise its Constitutional powers so as to direct the use and prevent the abuse of injunctions. Here we simply put ourselves on record

as standing by the following axiomatic proposition: It is the function of the Congress to make the laws; of the Courts to interpret and apply the laws; of the Executive to execute the laws. To make laws is a function more fundamental than either to apply or to execute them, and necessarily involves power to direct how they shall be applied and executed.



AFRICAN GAME TRAILS

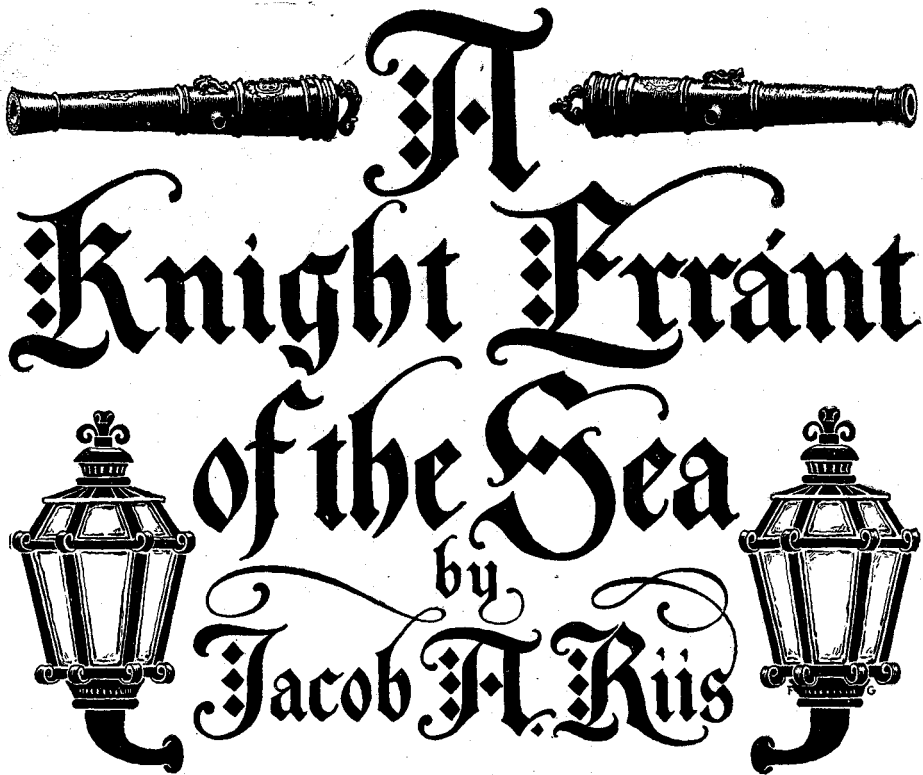
There would be, in any book with this title which should have also a sub-title showing that it gives an account of the "African Wanderings of an American Hunter-Naturalist," a strong attraction for all who love life in the wild, narratives of adventures, stories of big game in strange lands. But since the author of the book is a man who had just left the President's office when he undertook this fascinating journey, and since also he is a man in whose personality and actions the American people have been so intently interested, the appearance of such a work is fairly to be described as an event in the news world as well as in the book world. Mr. Roosevelt's volume, which this week appears simultaneously on both sides of the water, will later be reviewed in *The Outlook* by a writer closely acquainted with the subject of African life and sport; what is said here is not by way of a review but of an impression. And, in the first place, one cannot but be struck by the combination in the author of the three energies of action, observation, and description. Writing, as the publishers say, "by night as he sat in his tent, the day's hunt ended," with none of the modern facilities and helps to copy-making, Mr. Roosevelt not only produced a large volume simultaneously with continuous hard physical work and equally vigorous play, but he has given it a thousand touches which show that his interest is larger than that of the hunter or even the naturalist. He hunted, he made a great collection for the Smithsonian, he marched and camped, and studied natural history on the jump, so to speak; but also he observed in the large sense and deduced shrewdly. Chiefly, to be sure, this is a record—and as a narrative it is certainly in the book-form more

unified than in its serial publication ; one finds a distinctly continuous interest, while revision has added to the vigor and clarity of the style. But what it records is not merely exciting events but also the love of beauty and nature, the observation of a keen eye regarding men and things, the vivid interest of the writer in the strange land and the future of its people. To illustrate the first we quote a passage from the Introduction, written at Khartum on March 15 : " There are no words that can tell the hidden spirit of the wilderness, that can reveal its mystery, its melancholy, and its charm. There is delight in the hardy life of the open, in long rides rifle in hand, in the thrill of the fight with dangerous game. Apart from this, yet mingled with it, is the strong attraction of the silent places, of the large tropic moons, and the splendor of the new stars ; where the wanderer sees the awful glory of the sunrise and sunset in the wide waste spaces of the earth, unworn of man, and changed only by the slow change of the ages through time everlasting." The first chapter of the book is filled with eager appreciation of the novelty, wonder, and interest of the country to an American stranger. And as to racial and human interest, the whole chapter on Uganda abounds in discussion of governmental, race, and mission problems. A few sentences from another chapter are of broad suggestion as to the relations between civilized and savage people :

Each of the civilized nations that has taken possession of any part of Africa has had its own peculiar good qualities and its own peculiar defects. Some of them have done too much supervising and ordering the lives of the natives, and interfering with their practices and customs. The English error, like our own under similar conditions, has, if anything, been in the other direction. The effort has been to avoid, wherever possible, all interference with tribal customs, even

when of an immoral and repulsive character, and to do no more than what is obviously necessary, such as insistence upon keeping the peace and preventing the spread of cattle disease. Excellent reasons can be advanced in favor of this policy, and it must always be remembered that a fussy and ill-considered benevolence is more sure to awaken resentment than cruelty itself ; while the natives are apt to resent deeply even things that are obviously for their ultimate welfare. Yet I cannot help thinking that, with caution and wisdom, it would be possible to proceed somewhat farther than has yet been the case in the direction of pushing upward some at least of the East African tribes ; and this though I recognize fully that many of these tribes are of a low and brutalized type.

The publishers of this large octavo volume, Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, are entitled to recognition for the excellence of form and taste displayed in all points, while particular praise should be bestowed upon Mr. Philip R. Goodwin for his capitally executed full-page drawings from photographs. The author has furnished several appendices. Of these the most important and interesting are those on " The Pigskin Library " (which first appeared as an editorial in *The Outlook*), and on the question of " Protective Coloration," suggested by Mr. Thayer's recent work on " Concealing Coloration in the Animal Kingdom." This appendix is perhaps more likely to arouse discussion among naturalists than anything else in the book. The questions involved are exceedingly curious. Mr. Roosevelt holds that while " there are in all probability multitudes of cases in which the coloration of an animal is of protective value in concealing it from its prey or its foes," yet " the theory is certainly pushed to preposterous extremes ;" and he applies as regards the big animals of Africa, like the giraffe and zebra, a *reductio ad absurdum* of the ultra-theorists' claims illustrated by his personal observations.



A Knight Errant of the Sea by Jacob A. Riis

THE eighteenth century broke upon a noisy family quarrel in the north of Europe. Charles the Twelfth of Sweden, the royal Hotspur of all history, and Frederik of Denmark had fallen out. Like their people, they were first cousins, and therefore all the more bent on settling the old question which was the better man. After the fashion of the lion and the unicorn, they fought "all about the town," and, indeed, about every town that came in their way, now this and now that side having the best of it. On the sea, which was the more important, because neither Swedes nor Danes could reach their fighting-ground or keep up their armaments without command of the waterways, the victory rested finally with the Danes. And this was due almost wholly to one extraordinary figure, the like of which is scarce to be found in the annals of warfare, Peder Tordenskjold. Rising in ten brief years from the humblest place before the mast, a half-grown lad, to the rank of admiral, ennobled by his King and the idol of two nations, only to be assassinated on the "field of honor" at

twenty-nine, he seems the very incarnation of the stormy times of the Eleven Years' War, with which his sun rose and set; for the year in which peace was made also saw his death.

Peder Jansen Wessel was born on October 28, 1690, in the city of Trondhjem, Norway, which country in those days was united with Denmark under one king. His father was an alderman with eighteen children. Peder was the tenth of twelve wild boys. It is related that the father, in sheer desperation, once had made for Peder a pair of leathern breeches which he would not be able to tear. But the lad, not to be beaten so easily, sat on a grindstone and had one of his school-fellows turn it till the seat was worn thin—a piece of bravado that probably cost him dear, for doubtless the exasperated father's stick found the attenuated spot.

Since he would have none of the school, his father had him apprenticed out to a tailor, with the injunction not to spare the rod. But sitting cross-legged on a tailor's stool did not suit the lad, and he took it out of his master by snowballing him thoroughly one winter's day. Next a barber undertook to teach him his trade;



Peder Tordenskjold

but Peder ran away and was drifting about the streets when the King came to Norway. The boy saw the splendid uniforms and heard the story of the beautiful capital by the Öresund, with its palaces and great fighting ships. When the King departed, he was missing, and for a while there was peace in Trondhjem.

Down in Copenhagen the homeless lad was found wandering about by the King's chaplain, who, being himself a Norwegian, took him home and made him a household page. But the boy's wanderings had led him to the navy-yard, where he saw midshipmen of his own size at drill, and he could think of nothing else. When he should have been waiting at table he was down among the ships. For him there was ever but one way to any goal, the straight cut, and at fifteen he wrote to the King asking to be appointed a midshipman. "I am wearing away my life as a servant," he wrote. "I want to give

it, and my blood, to the service of your Majesty, and I will serve you with all my might while I live."

The navy had need of that kind of recruits, and the King saw to it that he was apprenticed at once. And that was the beginning of his strangely romantic career.

Three years he sailed before the mast and learned seamanship, while Charles was baiting the Muscovite and the North was resting on its arms. Then came Pultava and the Swedish King's crushing defeat. The storm center was transferred to the North again, and the war on the sea opened with a splendid deed, fit to appeal to any ardent young heart. At the battle in the Bay of Kjøge, the Dannebrog, commanded by Ivar Hvitfeldt, caught fire, and by its position exposed the Danish fleet to great danger. Hvitfeldt could do one of two things: save his own life and his men's by letting his ship drift before

the wind and by his escape risking the rest of the fleet and losing the battle, or stay where he was to meet certain death. He chose the latter, anchored his vessel securely, and fought on until the ship was burned down to the water's edge and blew up with him and his five hundred men. Ivar Hvitfeldt's name is forever immortal in the history of his country. A few years ago they raised the wreck of the *Dannebrog*, fitly called after the Danish flag, and made of its guns a monument that stands on Langelinie, the beautiful shore-road of Copenhagen.

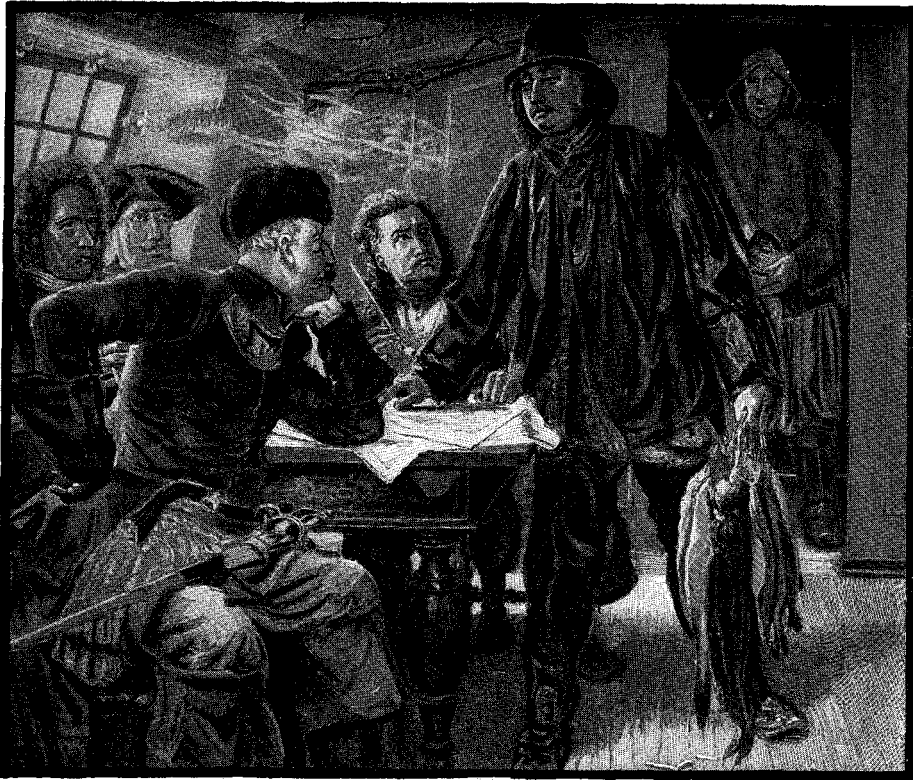
Fired by such deeds, young Wessel explored the King, before he had yet worn out his first midshipman's jacket, for the command of a frigate. He compromised on a small privateer, the *Ormen*, but with it he did such execution in Swedish waters and earned such renown as a dauntless sailor and a bold scout whose information about the enemy was always first and best, that before spring they gave him a frigate with eighteen guns and the emphatic warning "not to engage any enemy when he was not clearly the

stronger." He immediately brought in a Swedish privateer, the *Alabama* of those days, that had been the terror of the sea. In a naval battle in the Baltic soon after he engaged with his little frigate two of the enemy's line-of-battle ships that were trying to get away, and only when a third came to help them did he retreat, so battered that he had to seek port to make repairs. Accused of violating his orders, his answer was prompt: "I promised your Majesty to do my best, and I did." King Frederik IV, himself a young and spirited man, made him a captain, jumping him over fifty-odd older lieutenants, and gave him leave to war on the enemy as he saw fit.

The immediate result was that the Governor of Göteborg, the enemy's chief seaport in the North Sea, put a price on his head. Captain Wessel heard of it, and sent word into town that he was outside—to come and take him; but to hurry, for time was short. While waiting for a reply, he fell in with two Swedish men-of-war having in tow a Danish prize. That was not to be borne, and though they

He kept a picture
Lord Carteret had
given him in his
note book



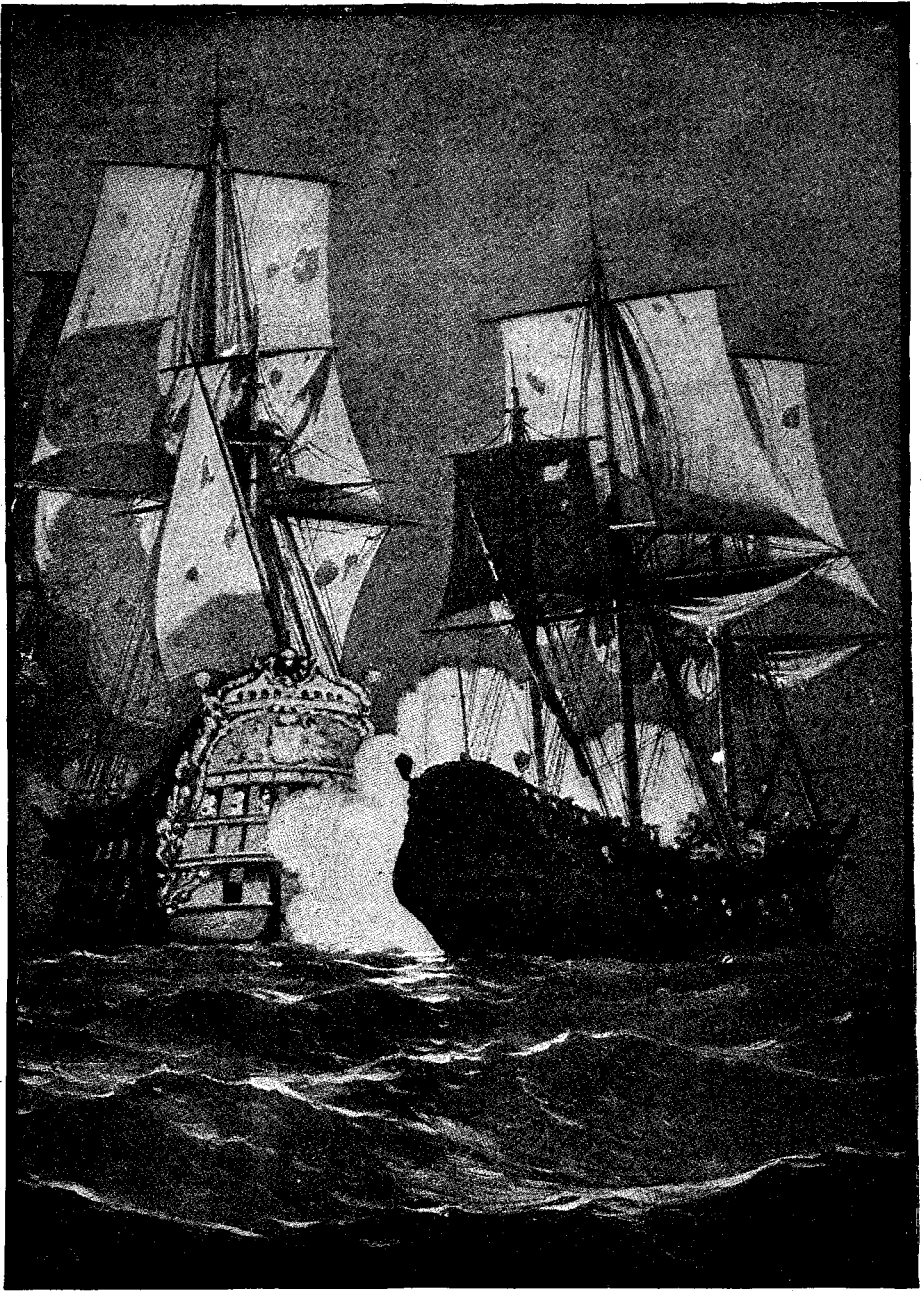


together mounted ninety-four guns to his eighteen, he fell upon them like a thunderbolt. They beat him off, but he returned for their prize. That time they nearly sank him with three broadsides. However, he ran for the Norwegian coast and saved his ship. In his report of this affair he excuses himself for running away with the reflection that allowing himself to be sunk "would not rightly have benefited his Majesty's service."

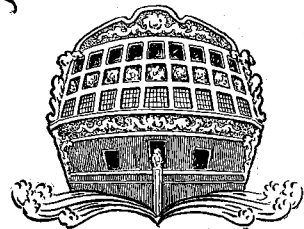
However, the opportunity came to him swiftly of "rightly benefiting" the King's service. After the battle of Kolbergerheide, that had gone against the Swedes, he found them beaching their ships under cover of the night to prevent their falling into the hands of the victors. Wessel halted them with the threat that every man Jack in the fleet should be made to walk the plank, saved the ships, and took their admiral prisoner to his chief. When others slept, Wessel was abroad with his swift sailer. If wind and sea went against him, he knew how to turn his mishap to account. Driven in under the hostile shore once, he took the opportunity, as was his wont, to get the lay of the land

Selling fish on the Enemy's fleet, to spy upon them

and of the enemy. He learned quickly that in the harbor of Wesensö, not far away, a Swedish cutter was lying with a Danish prize. She carried eight guns and had a crew of thirty-six men; but though he had at the moment only eighteen sailors in his boat, he crept up the coast at once, slipped quietly in after sundown, and took ship and prize with a rush, killing and throwing overboard such as resisted. In Sweden mothers hushed their crying children with his dreaded name; on the sea they came near to thinking him a troll, so sudden and unexpected were his onsets. But there was no witchcraft about it. He sailed swiftly because he was a skilled sailor and because he missed no opportunity to have the bottom of his ship scraped and greased. And when on board, pistol and cutlass hung loose; for it was a time of war with a brave and relentless foe.



“Stay and fight
like a man for
your king and
your flag”



His reconnoitering expeditions he always headed himself, and sometimes he went alone. Thus, when getting ready to take Marstrand, a fortified seaport of great importance to Charles, he went ashore disguised as a fisherman and peddled fish through the town, even in the very castle itself, where he took notice, along with the position of the guns and the strength of the garrison, of the fact that the commandant had two pretty daughters. He was a sailor, sure enough. Once, when ashore on such an expedition, he was surprised by a company of dragoons. His men escaped, but the dragoons cut off his way to the shore. As they rode at him, reaching out for his sword, he suddenly dashed among them, cut one down, and, diving through the surf, swam out to the boat, his sword between his teeth. Their bullets churned up the sea all about him, but he was not hit. He seemed to bear a charmed life; in all his fights he was wounded but once. That was in the attack on the strongly fortified port of Strömstad, in which he was repulsed with a loss of 96 killed and 246 wounded, while the Swedish loss footed up over fifteen hundred, a fight which led straight to the most astonishing chapter in his whole career, of which more anon.

All Denmark and Norway presently rang with the stories of his exploits. They were always of a kind to appeal to the imagination, for in truth he was a very knight errant of the seas who fought for the love of it as well as of the flag, ardent patriot that he was. A brave and chivalrous foe he loved next to a loyal friend. Cowardice he loathed. Once, when ordered to follow a retreating enemy with his frigate *Hvide Örnen* (the White Eagle), of thirty guns, he hugged him so close that in the darkness he ran his ship into the great Swedish man-of-war *Ösel*, of sixty-four guns. The chance was too good to let pass. Seeing that the *Ösel's* lower gun-ports were closed, and reasoning from this that she had been struck in the water-line and badly dam-

aged, he was for boarding her at once, but his men refused to follow him. In the delay the *Ösel* backed away. Captain Wessel gave chase, pelted her with shot, and called to her captain, whose name was *Sjöstjerna* (sea-star), to stop:

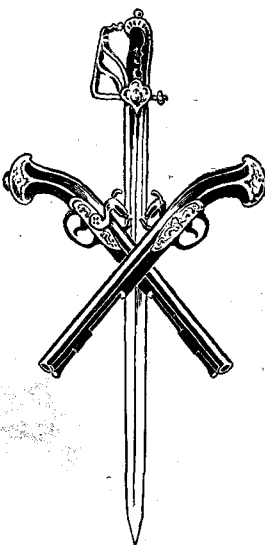
"Running away from a frigate, are you? Shame on you, coward and poltroon! Stay and fight like a man for your King and your flag!"

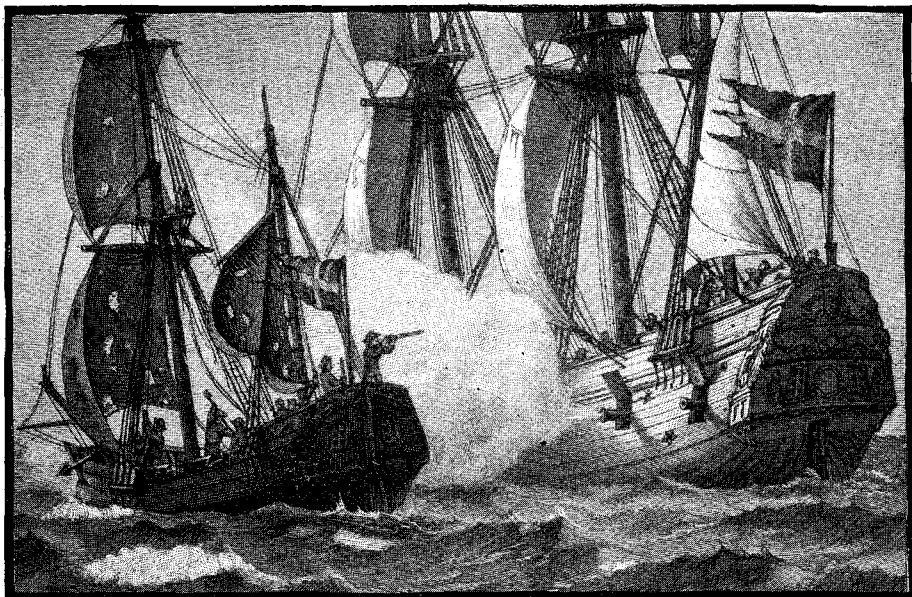
Seeing him edge yet farther away, he shouted in utter exasperation: "Your name shall be dog-star forever, not sea-star, if you don't stay."

"But all this," he wrote sadly to the King, "with much more which was worse, had no effect."

However, on his way back to join the fleet he ran across a convoy of ten merchant vessels, guarded by three of the enemy's line-of-battle ships. He made a feint at passing, but, suddenly turning, swooped down upon the biggest trader, ran out his boats, made fast, and towed it away from under the very noses of its protectors. It meant prize-money for his men, but their captain did not forget their craven conduct of the night, which had made him lose a bigger prize, and with the money they got a sound flogging.

The account of the duel between his first frigate, *Lövendahl's* Galley, of eighteen guns, and a Swede of twenty-eight guns reads like the doings of the old vikings, and indeed both commanders were likely descended straight from those arch fighters. Wessel certainly was. The other captain was an English officer, Bactman by name, who was on the way to deliver his ship, that had been bought in England, to the Swedes. They met in the North Sea and fell to fighting by noon of one day. The afternoon of the next saw them at it yet. Twice the crew of the Swedish frigate had thrown down their arms, refusing to fight any more. Vainly the vessel had tried to get away; the Dane hung to it like a leech. In the afternoon of the second day Wessel was informed that his powder had given out. He had





*Neither you nor any other Swede shall ever carry me there!
And with that he shot the captain down*

a boat sent out with a herald, who presented to Captain Bactman his regrets that he had to quit for lack of powder, but would he come aboard and shake hands?

The Briton declined. Meanwhile the ships had drifted close enough to speak through the trumpet, and Captain Wessel shouted over from his quarter-deck that "if he could lend him a little powder, they might still go on." Captain Bactman smilingly shook his head, and then the two drank to one another's health, each on his own quarter-deck, and parted friends, while their crews manned what was left of the yards and cheered each other wildly.

Wessel's enemies, of whom he had many, especially among the nobility who looked upon him as a vulgar upstart, used this incident to bring him before a court-martial. It was unpatriotic, they declared, and they demanded that he be degraded and fined. His defense, which, with all the records of his career, is in the Navy Department at Copenhagen, was brief but to the point. It is summed up in the retort to his accusers that "they themselves should be rebuked, and severely, for failing to understand that an officer

in the King's service should be promoted instead of censured for doing his plain duty," and that there was nothing in the articles of war commanding him to treat an honorable foe otherwise than with honor.

It must be admitted that he gave his critics no lack of cause. His enterprises were often enough of a hair-raising kind, and he had scant patience with censure. Thus once, when harassed by an Admiralty order purposely issued to annoy him, he wrote back: "The biggest fool can see that to obey would defeat all my plans. I shall not do it. It may suit folk who love loafing about shore, but to an honest man such talk is disgusting, let alone that the thing can't be done." He was at that time twenty-six years old, and in charge of the whole North Sea fleet. No wonder he had enemies.

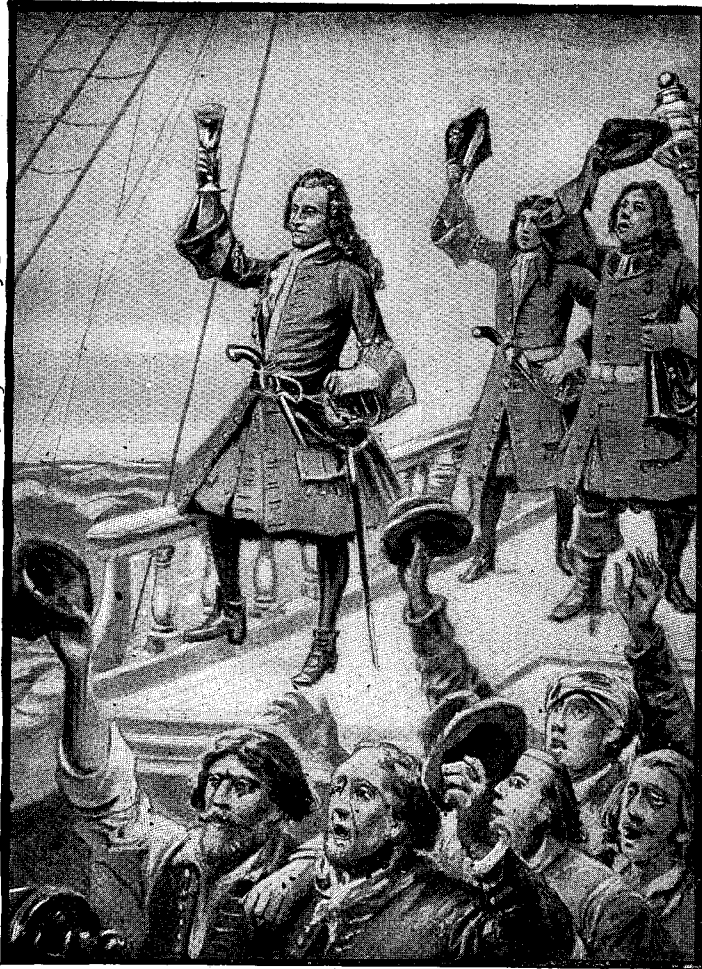
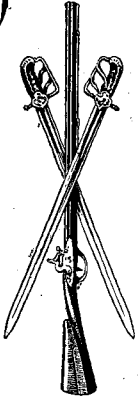
However, the King was his friend. He made him a nobleman, and gave him the name Tordenskjold. It means "thunder-shield."

"Then, by the powers," he swore when he was told, "I shall thunder in the ears of the Swedes so that the King shall hear of it!" And he kept his word.

Charles had determined to take Den-



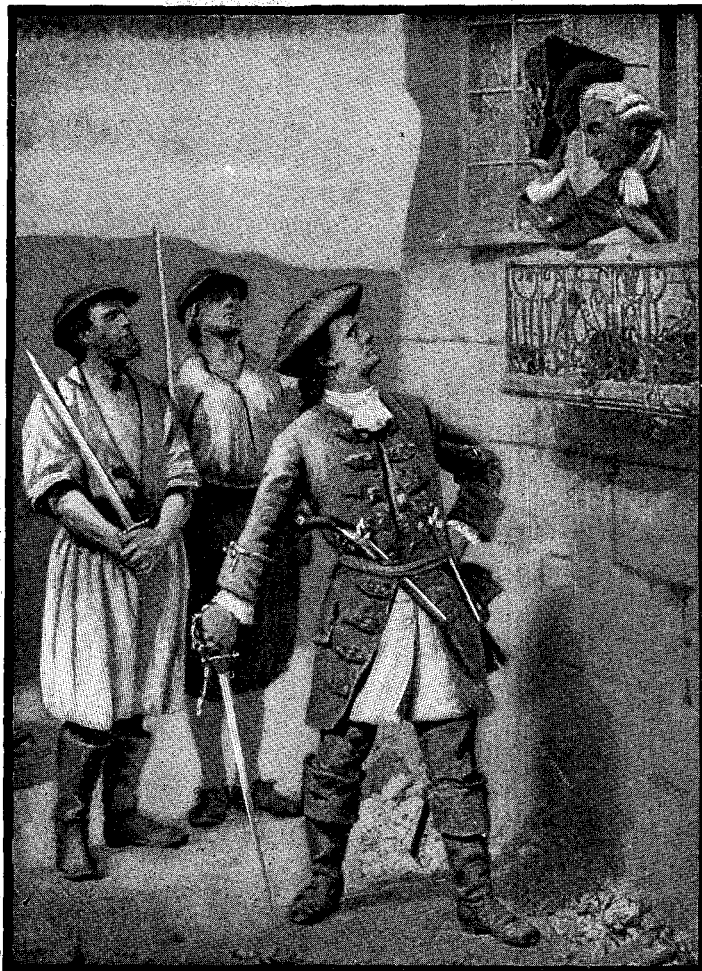
Drank to
one another's
health, each
on his own
quarter-deck,
and parted
friends



mark with one fell blow. He had an army assembled in Skaane to cross the sound, which was frozen over solid. All was ready for the invasion on February 8, 1716. The people throughout Sweden had assembled in the churches to pray for the success of the King's arms, and he was there himself to lead; but in the early morning hours a strong east wind broke up the ice, and the campaign ended before it was begun. Charles then turned on Norway, and laid siege to the city of Frederikshald, which, with its strong fort, Frederiksteen, was the key to that country. A Danish fleet lay in the Skagerak, blocking his way of reinforcements by sea. Tordenskjold, with his frigate, Hvide Ornen, and six smaller ships (the frigate Vindhaunden, of sixteen guns, and five vessels of light draught, two of which were heavily armed), was doing scouting duty

for the Admiral when he learned that the entire Swedish fleet of forty-four ships that was intended to aid in the operations against Frederikshald lay in the harbor of Dynekilen, waiting its chance to slip out. It was so well shielded there that its commander sent word to the King to rest easy; nothing could happen to him. He would join him presently.

Tordenskjold saw that if he could capture or destroy this fleet Norway was saved: the siege must perforce be abandoned. And Norway was his native land, which he loved with his whole fervid soul. But no time was to be lost. He could not go back to ask for permission, and one may shrewdly guess that he did not want to, for it would certainly have been refused. He heard that the Swedish officers, secure in their stronghold, were to attend a wedding on shore the next



“What are
you waiting
for?
Don't you
know time
is up?”

day. His instructions from the Admiralty were: in an emergency always to hold a council of war, and to abide by its decision. At daybreak he ran his ship alongside Vindhunden, her companion frigate, and called to the captain:

“The Swedish officers are bidden to a wedding, and they have forgotten us. What do you say—shall we go unasked?”

Captain Grip was game. “Good enough!” he shouted back. “The wind is fair, and we have all day. I am ready.”

That was the council of war and its decision. Tordenskjold gave the signal to clear for action, and sailed in at the head of his handful of ships.

The inlet to the harbor of Dynekilen is narrow and crooked, winding between reefs and rocky steeps quite two miles, and only in spots more than four hundred feet wide. Half-way in was a strong

battery. Tordenskjold's fleet was received with a tremendous fire from all the Swedish ships, from the battery, and from an army of four thousand soldiers lying along shore. The Danish ships made no reply. They sailed up grimly silent till they reached a place wide enough to let them wear round, broadside on. Then their guns spoke. Three hours the battle raged; then the Swedish fire began to slacken. As soon as he noticed it, Tordenskjold slipped into the inner harbor under cover of the heavy pall of smoke, and before the Swedes suspected their presence they found his ships alongside. Broadside after broadside crashed into them, and in terror they fled, soldiers and sailors alike. While they ran Tordenskjold swooped down upon the half-way battery, seized it, and spiked its guns. The fight was won.

But the heaviest part was left—the towing out of the captured ships. All the afternoon Tordenskjold led the work in person, pulling on ropes, cheering on his men. The Swedes, returning gamely to the fight, showered them with bullets from shore. One of the abandoned vessels caught fire. Lieutenant Tönder, of Tordenskiold's staff, a veteran with a wooden leg, boarded it just as the quartermaster ran up yelling that the ship was full of powder and was going to blow up. He tried to jump overboard, but the lieutenant seized him by the collar and, stumping along, made him lead the way to the magazine. A fuse had been laid to an open keg of powder, and the fire was sputtering within an inch of it when Lieutenant Tönder plucked it out, smothered it between thumb and forefinger, and threw it through the nearest port-hole. There were two hundred barrels of powder in the ship.

Tordenskjold had kept his word to the King. Not as much as a yawl of the Dynekilen fleet was left to the enemy. He had sunk or burned thirteen and captured thirty-one ships with his seven, and all the piled-up munitions of war were in his hands. King Charles gave up the siege, marched his army out of Norway, and the country was saved. The victory cost Tordenskjold but nineteen killed and fifty-seven wounded. On his own ship six men were killed and twenty wounded.

Of infinite variety was this sea-fighter. After a victory like this, one hears of him in the next breath gratifying a passing whim of the King, who wanted to know what the Swedish people thought of their Government after Charles's long wars that are said to have cost their country a million men. Tordenskjold overheard it, had himself rowed across to Sweden, picked up there a wedding-party, bridegroom, minister, guests, and all, including the captain of the shore watch, who was among them, and returned in time for the palace dinner with his catch. King Frederik was entertaining Czar Peter the Great, who had been boasting of the unhesitating loyalty of his men which his



Danish host could not match. He now had the tables turned upon him. It is recorded that the King sent the party back with royal gifts for the bride. One would be glad to add that Tordenskjold sent back too the silver pitcher and the parlor clock his men took on their visit. But he didn't. They were still in Copenhagen a hundred years later, and may-

be they are there yet. It was not like his usual gallantry toward the fair sex. But perhaps he didn't know anything about it.

Then we find him, after an unsuccessful attack on Göteborg that cost many lives, sending in his adjutant to congratulate the Swedish commandant on their "gallant encounter" the day before, and exchanging presents with him in token of mutual regard. And before one can turn the page he is discovered swooping down upon Marstrand, taking town and fleet anchored there, and the castle itself with its whole garrison, all with two hundred men, swelled by stratagem into an army of thousands. We are told that an officer sent out from the castle to parley, issuing forth from a generous dinner, beheld the besieging army drawn up in street after street, always two hundred men around every corner, as he made his way through the town, piloted by Tordenskjold himself, who was careful to take him the longest way, while the men took the short cut to the next block. The man returned home with the message that the town was full of them and that resistance was useless. The ruse smacks of Peder Wessel's boyish fight with a much bigger fellow who had beaten him once by gripping his long hair, and so getting his head in chancery. But Peder had taken notice. Next time he came to the encounter with hair cut short and his whole head smeared with soft soap, and that time he won.

The most extraordinary of all his adventures befell when, after the attack on Strömstad, he was hastening home to Copenhagen. Crossing the Kattegat in a little smack that carried but two three-pound guns, he was chased and overtaken by a Swedish frigate of sixteen guns and a crew of sixty men. Tordenskjold had but twenty-one, and eight of them were

servants and non-combatants. They were dreadfully frightened, and tradition has it that one of them wept when he saw the Swede coming on. Its captain called upon him to surrender, but the answer was flung back:

"I am Tordenskjold! Come and take me, if you can."

With that came a tiny broadside that did brisk execution on the frigate. Tordenskjold had hauled both his guns over on the "fighting side" of his vessel. There ensued a battle such as Homer would have loved to sing. Both sides barged away for all they were worth. In the midst of the din and smoke Tordenskjold used his musket with cool skill; his servants loaded while he fired. At every shot a man fell on the frigate.

Word was brought that there was no more round shot. He bade them twist up his pewter dinner service and fire that, which they did. The Swede tried vainly to board. Tordenskjold maneuvered his smack with such skill that they could not hook on. Seeing this, Captain Lind, commander of the frigate, called to him to desist from the

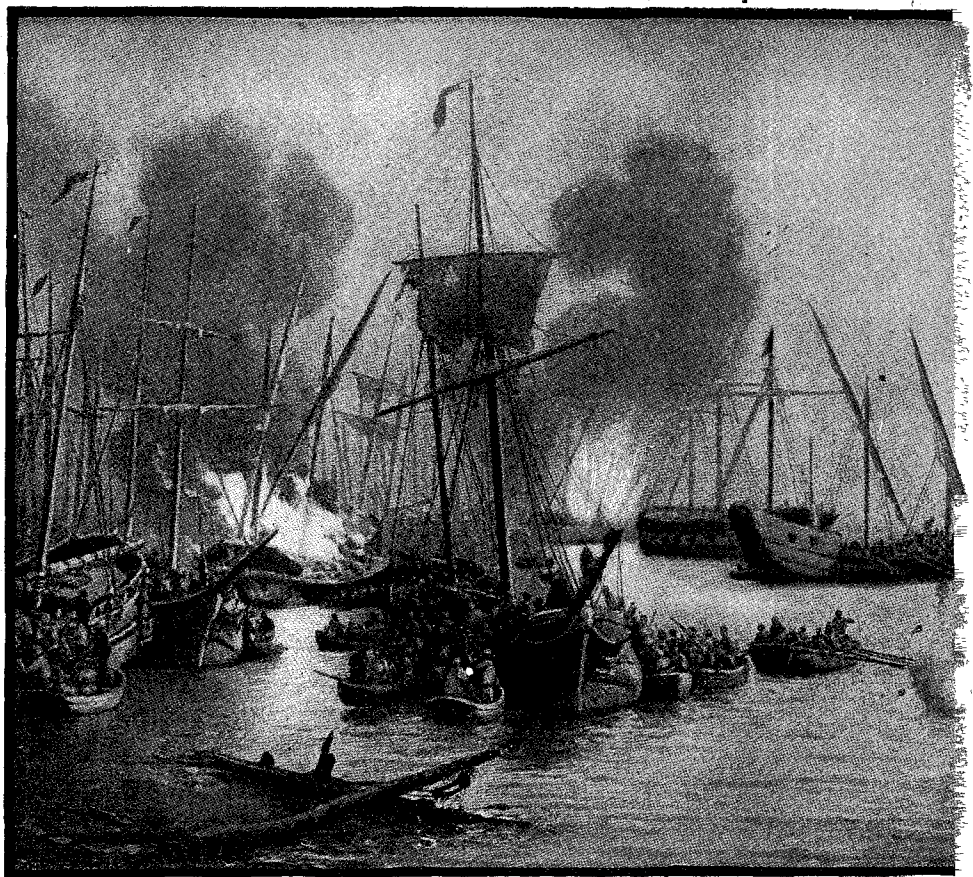
useless struggle; he would be honored to carry such a prisoner into Göteborg. Back came the taunt:

"Neither you nor any other Swede shall ever carry me there!" And with that he shot the captain down. He was not mortally wounded, and Tordenskjold took him prisoner later at the capture of Marstrand.

When the captain's men saw him fall, they were seized with panic and made off as quickly as they could, while Tordenskjold's crew, of whom only fourteen were left, beat their drums and blew trumpets in frantic defiance. Their leader was for following the Swede and boarding her, but he couldn't. Sails, rigging, and masts were shot to pieces. Perhaps the terror of the Swedes was increased by the sight of Tordenskjold's tame bear making faces at them behind his master. It went with him everywhere till that day, and came out of the fight unscathed. But during the night the crew ran the vessel on the Swedish shore, whence Tordenskjold himself reached Denmark in an open boat which he had to keep bailing all night,



Always two hundred men
around every corner



Dynekilen

for the boat was shot full of holes, and though he and his companions stuffed their spare clothing into them it leaked badly. The Swedes got the smack, after all, and the bear, which, being a Norwegian, proved so untractable on Swedish soil that, sad to relate, in the end they cut him up and ate him.

King Charles, himself a knightly soul and an admirer of a gallant enemy, gave orders to have all Tordenskjold's belongings sent back to him, but he did not live to see the order carried out. He was found dead in the rifle-pits before Frederiksteen on December 11, 1718, shot through the head. It was Tordenskjold himself who brought the all-important news to King Frederik in the night of December 28—they were not the days of telegraphs and fast steamers—and when the King, who had been roused out of

bed to receive him, could not trust his ears, he said with characteristic audacity, "I wish it were as true that your Majesty had made me a *Schoutbynacht*"—the rank next below admiral. And so he took the step next to the last on the ladder of his ambition.

Within seven months he took Marstrand. It is part of the record of that astonishing performance that when the unhappy commandant hesitated as the hour of evacuation came, not sure that he had done right in capitulating, Tordenskjold walked up to the fort with a hundred men, half his force, banged on the gate, went in alone and up to the commandant's window, thundering out:

"What are you waiting for? Don't you know time is up?"

In terror and haste, Colonel Dankwarth moved his Hessians out, and Torden-



July 8, 1716



skjold marched his handful of men in. When he brought the King the keys of Marstrand, Frederik made him an admiral.

It was while blockading the port of Göteborg in the last year of the war that he met and made a friend of Lord Carteret, the English Ambassador to Denmark, and fell in love with the picture of a young Englishwoman, a Miss Norris, a lady of great beauty and wealth, who, Lord Carteret told him, was an ardent admirer of his. It was this love which indirectly sent him to his death. He kept a picture Lord Carteret had given him in his note-book, and as soon as peace was made started for England; but he never reached that country.

The remnant of the Swedish fleet lay in the roadstead at Göteborg, under the guns of the two forts, New and Old Elfsborg. While Tordenskjold was away at

Marstrand, the enemy sallied forth and snapped up seven of the smaller vessels of his blockading fleet. The news made him furious. He sent in, demanding them back at once, "or I will come after them." He had already made one ineffectual attempt to take New Elfsborg that cost him dear. In Göteborg they knew the strength of his fleet and laughed at his threat. But it was never safe to laugh at Tordenskjold. The first dark night he stole in with ten armed boats, seized the shore batteries of the old fort, and spiked their guns before a shot was fired. The rising moon saw his men in possession of the ships lying at anchor. With their blue-lined coats turned inside out so that they might pass for Swedish uniforms, they surprised the watch in the guard-house and made them all prisoners. Now that there was no longer reason for cau-

tion, they raised a racket that woke the sleeping town up in a fright. The commander of the other fort sent out a boat to ascertain the cause. It met the Admiral's and challenged it, "Who goes there?"

"Tordenskjold," was the reply, "come to teach you to keep awake."

It proved impossible to warp the ships out. Only one of the seven lost ones was recovered, all the rest were set on fire. By the light of the mighty bonfire Tordenskjold rowed out with his men, hauling the recovered ship right under the guns of the forts, the Danish flag flying at the bow of his boat. He had not lost a single man. A cannon ball swept away all the oars on one side of his boat, but no one was hurt.

At Marstrand they had been up all night listening to the cannonading and the crash upon crash as the big ships blew up. They knew that Tordenskjold was abroad with his men. In the morning, when they were all in church, he walked in and sat down by his chief, the old Admiral Judicher, who was a slow-going, cautious man. He whispered anxiously, "What news?" but Tordenskjold only shrugged his shoulders with unmoved face. It is not likely that either the old Admiral or the congregation heard much of that sermon, if indeed they heard any of it. But when it was over, they saw from the walls of the town the Danish ships at anchor and heard the story of the last of Tordenskjold's exploits. It fitly capped the climax of his life. Sweden's entire force on the North Sea, with the exception of five small galleys, had either been captured, sunk, or burned by him.

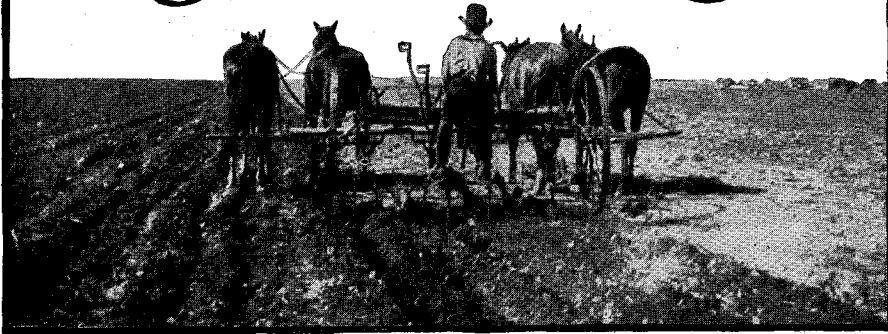
The King would not let Tordenskjold go when peace was made, but he had his way in the end. To his undoing he consented to take with him abroad a young scalawag, the son of his landlord, who had more money than brains. In Hamburg the young man fell in with a gambler, a Swedish colonel by name of Stahl, who fleeced him of all he had and much more besides. When Tordenskjold heard of it and met the Colonel in another man's house, he caned him soundly and threw him out in the street. For this he was challenged, but refused to fight a gambler.

"Friends," particularly one Colonel

Münnichhausen, who volunteered to be his second, talked him over, and also persuaded him to give up the pistol, with which he was an expert. The duel was fought at the village of Gledinge, over the line from Hanover, on the morning of November 12, 1720. Tordenskjold was roused from sleep at five, and, after saying his prayers, a duty he never on any account omitted, he started for the place appointed. His old body-servant vainly pleaded with his master to take his stout blade instead of the flimsy parade sword the Admiral carried. Münnichhausen advised against it; it would be too heavy, he said. Stahl's weapon was a long fighting rapier, and to this the treacherous second made no objection. Almost at the first thrust he ran the Admiral through. The seconds held his servant while Stahl jumped on his horse and galloped away. Tordenskjold breathed out his dauntless soul in the arms of his faithful servant and friend.

His body lies in a black marble sarcophagus in the "Navy Church" at Copenhagen. The Danish and Norwegian peoples have never ceased to mourn their idol. He was a sailor with a sailor's faults. But he loved truth, honor, and courage in foe and friend alike. Like many seafaring men, he was deeply religious, with the unquestioning faith of a child. There is a letter in existence written by him to his father when the latter was on his deathbed that bears witness to this. He thanks him with filial affection for all his care, and says naively that he would rather have his prayers than fall heir to twenty thousand daler. His pictures show a stocky, broad-shouldered youth with frank blue eyes, full lips, and an eagle nose. His deep, sonorous voice used to be heard, in his midshipman days, above the whole congregation in the Navy Church. In after years it called louder still to Denmark's foes. When things were at their worst in storm or battle, he was wont to shout to his men, "Hi, *now* we are having a fine time!" and his battle-cry has passed into the language. By it, in desperate straits demanding stout hearts, one may know the Dane after his own heart, the real Dane, the world over. Among his own he is still and always will be "the Admiral of Norway's fleet."

The Human Side of Farming



By Elbert F. Baldwin



JAMES WILSON—a tall, gaunt man. He peers sharply at you from under shaggy eyebrows, but he gives you a warm hand-grasp. He does not snap at you, as do some very busy men, with a “Well, what’s your business?” He patiently waits a moment for you to state it. He probably asks you to sit down. He listens courteously to what you have to say. When he begins to reply, he does not jump at conclusions, for he has doubtless asked you to explain yourself very fully. He compliments you, he flatters you, by his attention.

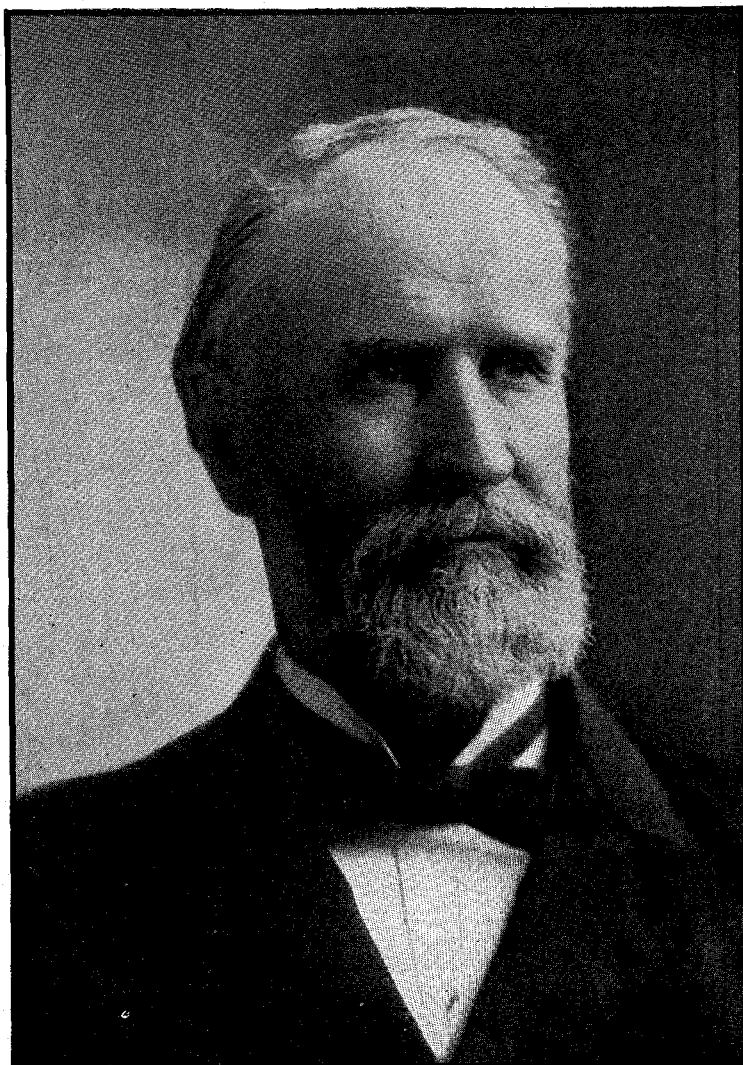
A really great man always does that. In your own estimation or in that of others you may be “small potatoes.” But some day you find yourself in the presence of a Lincoln or of a Bishop Brooks. Suddenly you find yourself talking away with a surprising freedom. Perhaps, too, you startle yourself by defining your inmost thoughts with an undreamt-of distinctness. You are rather alarmed at this discovery.

Then you realize that the greater nature before you has, unconsciously to you, made you declare yourself and define yourself as never before—in other words, has made you show your best self.

Now, Secretary Wilson is no Lincoln, although he has some of Lincoln’s quaint humor. He is not Phillips Brooks, though he has some of Phillips Brooks’s infinite patience. He is just himself.

He begins to reply very slowly, and, apparently for your sake if you are a tyro in his special subjects, as I am, in words of one syllable, so that you can understand. His language may be simple. But it is also shrewd. For James Wilson is a canny Scot.

Seventy-five years ago he was born in Ayrshire, Scotland. When he was seventeen years old, his parents came to this country, and he with them. They settled in Connecticut, where for three years James had a taste of New England farming. Then he went West to Tama



PHOTOGRAPH BY GESSFORD

JAMES WILSON
Secretary of Agriculture

County, Iowa. Thenceforth the boy became known as "Tama Jim." The title sticks to him now.

His education was had in the public schools of Scotland and Connecticut and Iowa, and finally at Iowa College. When he was twenty-six years old, he definitely adopted farming as a profession as well as a business. But that did not interfere with a natural taste for politics, and he became a member of the Twelfth, Thirteenth, and Fourteenth Assemblies of Iowa—the Assembly is the lower house of the Iowa Legislature. At one time he was Speaker of the Assembly.

942

In 1873 his political activities took on a wider range, when he became a Member of Congress. He fulfilled this duty for four years. Then he became a member of the Iowa State Railway Commission, and remained in that service for six years. Then he became Regent of the State University of Iowa, and finally Professor of Agriculture in the Iowa Agricultural College at Ames.

Here was an educational and political career of much use to the future Secretary.

Thirteen years ago he entered upon his duties as Secretary of Agriculture.

The first Secretary was N. J. Coleman, who was in office, however, but a few days. The second was Jeremiah M. Rusk. The third was J. Sterling Morton, of Nebraska. All these men—especially the present Secretary—did yeoman's service in creating a new department. Mr. Wilson simply applied to the Government department the common-sense notions learned on his own farm. So much for matter. But along with it went a simplicity of speech and a quick Scotch sense of humor and shrewdness. The result of such matter and manner made him the best-loved member of three Cabinets. If Mr. Wilson is proud of the fact that no Cabinet member has ever had a longer tenure of office, he may be even prouder of the fact that no Cabinet member was ever more popular. He has made his Department popular, too. And why not? Nothing like its progress has ever been known in a Government department. Its Secretary has increased the country's agricultural wealth by billions of dollars. The meth-

ods of doing this, have they not been celebrated in successive departmental year-books? Are they not methods of riddance—of getting rid of the caterpillar, the gypsy moth, the boll weevil, and all the other deadly insects, thus saving the crops from destruction? Are they not methods of introduction—of alfalfa, of durum wheat, and of all the other grains and grasses which now diversify our crops? Are they not methods of intensification—the use of fertilizers, the deep plowing, the spaced planting? Are they not methods of distribution—of rotary crops and intensified farming?

But all these methods require a human agent. They must awaken a human response. This is the Department's most interesting work, the development of the human factor—that is to say, the awakening of the farmer's intelligence and the appeal to him as a Nation builder. To save billions of dollars to the Government is unprecedented, it is true, but a greater thing is to save men. As



COTTON GROWING IN MISSISSIPPI

The old method at the left. Demonstration method at the right



A FIELD SCHOOL OF FARMERS IN MISSISSIPPI, SHOWING A FIELD WHICH UNDER DEMONSTRATION METHODS AND AGAINST HARD CONDITIONS YIELDED OVER SIXTY-ONE BUSHELS TO THE ACRE

Mr. Wilson looks back over his life-work, he should have the gratifying consciousness of having raised not only crops but men.

We hear nowadays a great deal about "the abandoned farm." There should be no such thing as an abandoned farm. Three instances of Secretary Wilson's work in the rehabilitation of farms indicate his energy in this direction. The first case was in New York, the second in Illinois, the third in Georgia.

New York is rightly called the Empire State. But how long will that appellation hold good if the farmers persist in using worn-out methods on worn-out soil? Of course the soil is worn out, when it has not had appropriate rotation of crops, together with a proper fertilizing application. The result is that at the present time, in some parts of the State, one can buy agricultural land at \$7 an acre, and such land is not very far from the capital of the State either. If it had been properly cared for, the acre would be worth a great deal more.

But to the particular illustration of Mr. Wilson's work. Well, then, in New York State, not many miles from Cornell University, there was a broken-down farm.

Its fences were rickety, its utensils rusty, its crops of no particular account—and especially so the spirit of its owner. Ignorant, and without the advantage of modern methods, he had pegged along year by year, with about twenty bushels of potatoes to the acre. Now Secretary Wilson had told some of his men to go about the country and ferret out just such failures as this farm. The agent met the farmer and said: "You have been having hard luck in your way of farming. Let me show you a better way." Before he knew it, the farmer's mental vision had become enlarged. At the end of the next season the result of that enlargement was seen in a doubling of the value of the crop. The fences were repaired, too, and the fixtures, and last, not least, the farmer's spirit. The moral benefit equaled the mental stimulus.

The next farm was in Illinois, on the black prairie corn land common in the central part of the State. It was no seven-dollar-an-acre land. It was valued at a much higher figure. It had been long exclusively cropped with corn. In consequence, the yield had dropped to twenty-four bushels to the acre. What the land needed was to be changed from a purely

grain farm treatment to a grain and hay treatment—say a three-year rotation of corn, oats, and hay; or to a grain and clover treatment with a three-year rotation of corn, oats, and clover. The land ought to produce more than double twenty-four bushels to the acre, and now does. With the addition of fertilizer the product should be trebled.

But even in his worst days the Illinois farmer cleared \$450 a year. Not so the Georgia farmer. His net income was about \$125. On that he had to keep himself and his large family. But how? Approaching his house, the floor of the front gallery, or veranda, was found actually rotted away. One must needs walk across to the front door on a plank. In the main room there were but two chairs. If there were more than two persons in the room, they had to sit on boxes. In the kitchen there were few utensils and throughout the house few fixtures. The wife and children did not know what it was to have a new dress or suit of clothes, and the planter's overalls had been patched and repatched. One heard little laughter in that house.

Along comes the Government's agent. "Why do you plow your land only three

inches deep?" he inquired. "You do not give the roots half a chance. Plow deep." The planter did as he was told. He got some fertilizer too. Result, \$800 profit the next year from his corn and cotton. The gallery got its floor, the front room its extra chairs, the kitchen its utensils, the whole house its fixtures, the wife her dress, the children their clothes, the planter his own new outfit, and that included an extra mule.

So much for individual cases. Now for co-operation work. Mr. Wilson could hardly have started that, as well as the foregoing, in thoroughgoing fashion but for the resourceful aid of his old Iowa friend Dr. Seaman A. Knapp, whom he put in charge of what might not inaptly be called the Welfare Bureau, and to which the credit of propagandizing farming on the human side is largely due. Indeed, one of Secretary Wilson's strong qualities as an executive is his ability to choose men of pre-eminent ability as bureau chiefs and his willingness to give them "a free hand." Dr. Knapp made out a blank form for this co-operative work, and asked farmers to keep data on it. For instance, the form for corn reads as follows:

Corn crop on demonstration of (Name)

R. F. D. No. *Post-office* *County*

State

- (1) Number of acres worked according to Government methods.....
- (2) Kind and depth of soil.....
- (3) Subsoil.....
- (4) What crop was grown on this land in 1909?.....
- (5) Number of years this land has been farmed.....
- (6) Date and depth land was broken for the crop of 1910.....
- (7) Condition of land at time of planting.....
- (8) Date of planting.....
- (9) Variety of seed planted.....
- (10) Width apart of rows.....
- (11) Distance apart of plants in drills.....
- (12) Kind and quantity of fertilizer used.....
- (13) Was your stand good, medium, or poor?.....
- (14) How was crop plowed or cultivated, and how many times?.....
- (15) Diseases or insect pests.....
- (16) Treatment given for diseases or insect pests.....
- (17) Percentage of crop damaged by diseases or insect pests.....
- (18) Yield per acre in bushels.....
- (19) Yield of similar land near by, with ordinary cultivation.....
- (20) Name of agent of this Department who visited you.....
- (21) Number of times agent visited you in 1910?.....
- (22) Have you carefully selected your seed in the field for next year's crop?.....



"THE CORN KID"

A young Virginian who won a prize in the school-boy demonstration farm work under the Department of Agriculture. Photographed in a field, adjoining his own, which yielded only 8 to 10 bushels an acre under ordinary methods

The result was a complete change in methods. Take the questions concerning planting. Improvement was wrought by teaching the farmer how to utilize the resources at his command—by better preparation of the soil, by the use of well-selected seed and by intensive, shallow cultivation, by proper spacing of the plant, by the use of commercial and home-produced fertilizers, and by the growing of humus-making crops. Thus not only was co-operation assured, but agricultural education was brought into working.

Co-operation's best efforts, however, and certainly the Department's most human side, are seen in the boys' work. Every one knows that in order permanently to establish influence in any direction the child must be molded. It is all very well to show individual farmers how to rehabilitate individual farms. It is better yet to get farmers to co-operate in their own regeneration. Best of all, for

our future good, is the training of embryo farmers.

Such training assures, first, a generation of wider intelligence than our own. But, second, it also affects the present generation. One old farmer said to Dr. Knapp: "My boy got hold of some of your new-fangled ideas, an' I thought they wa'n't no good, an' I told your man so. But he didn't 'low no discouragement, an', by gosh, the boy's acre beat mine four to one!"

Not only should the individual boy be helped. There should be friendly rivalry among the boys. The boys would be thus better educated in practical agriculture, their elders stimulated, and the general crop yield increased. Result: general benefit, economic, mental, and moral. How to do it?

In this the county school superintendent was made use of by the Secretary of Agriculture and his clever assistant. A plan to increase the average yield by



"THE CORN KID"

Photographed in his prize field, where, under demonstration methods directed by the Department of Agriculture, he raised over eighty bushels of corn to the acre

the offer of a prize and to enlist the boys in the effort was explained to the superintendent, and through him to the teachers of each country school. Then the teachers explained the plan to their pupils. If a boy would agree to cultivate an acre of corn, he gave his name to the teacher. But how did the boy get the acre? He owned no land. Hence he induced some friendly farmer to "go shares" with him. Fortunately, there were enough such farmers to insure the experiment's success.

What was the reward offered? No money, but to the best cultivator in each State a free trip to Washington and a week there. No sordid basis this. An educational privilege of the best sort. It worked.

Boys held meetings. If possible, an agent of the Department was present to advise and instruct and to dole out some free seed for the first year's trial; after that, the boys selected and bred their own

seed. At his suggestion they adopted some such rules as these:

1. Boys must be under 18 years of age.
 2. No boy shall contest for a prize unless he becomes a member of a club.
 3. The members of the clubs must agree to read the instructions of the Demonstration Work.
 4. Each boy must plan his own crop and do his own work.
 5. Exhibits must be delivered to the county superintendent of education by October 16.
 6. The amount of the yield and the method of measurement must be certified by each boy and attested by at least two disinterested witnesses, who shall be satisfactory to the county superintendent.
 7. In awarding prizes the following basis shall be used:
 - (a) Greatest yield per acre.
 - (b) Best 10-ear exhibit.
 - (c) Best written account showing history of crop and expenses.
 - (a) Best showing of profit on investment.
- In estimating profits uniform prices should be used; for instance, \$5 per acre for rent, 10 cents per hour for the work of each boy and 5 cents per hour for each horse.

The boys got to work. The experiment was tried in four States. At the end of the season the four boys, one from each State, who showed the best acreage result appeared in Washington. Secretary Wilson presented each boy with a diploma and then made a little speech to them. If his recommendations are carried out, the Southern States' contribution to the whole country's corn product will be increased by a million dollars.

The Federal Government's success stimulated certain States to like effort. Their requirements, however, are somewhat more detailed, as, for instance :

The boy must get at least seventy-five bushels of corn on his acre.

It must not cost more than thirty cents per bushel to produce this corn.

Each boy must submit a report and a written record which will be a complete history of the crop.

Each boy must submit a good exhibit of his corn, containing not less than ten ears and five stalks.

Certain uniform charges must be entered in making calculations as to cost. The rental of the land will be charged at \$5 per acre; the boys' time at 10 cents per hour, and the time of each horse at 5 cents per hour. Stable or lot manure is to be charged at \$2 for a two-horse load and \$1 for a one-horse load, and commercial fertilizers at actual cost.

Thus with these necessary reports the farmer boy now learns something besides farming—namely, bookkeeping.

Counties and townships followed the

example of Nation and State. The result is that if a boy is unable to get one kind of prize he may get another, and sometimes more than one, as may be noted in the testimony of two boys, as follows: The first is Bascomb Usher's testimony, and his post-office address is Bennettsville, South Carolina :

Planted one acre, dark sandy loam. Broke land 6 inches deep. Land was in corn and peas in 1908. Used 2,000 pounds fertilizer, but not all at once. Planted one peck Garick's Prolific Corn, which had won prizes before; seed carefully selected. Rows 5 feet apart and 8 inches in drill; shallow cultivation 5 times. Yield 152½ bushels, or 8,540 pounds of shelled corn. Won \$10 county prize, \$75 State prize, and prize trip to Washington. Have sold some seed at \$2 a bushel. Cost 31 cents a bushel to raise corn.

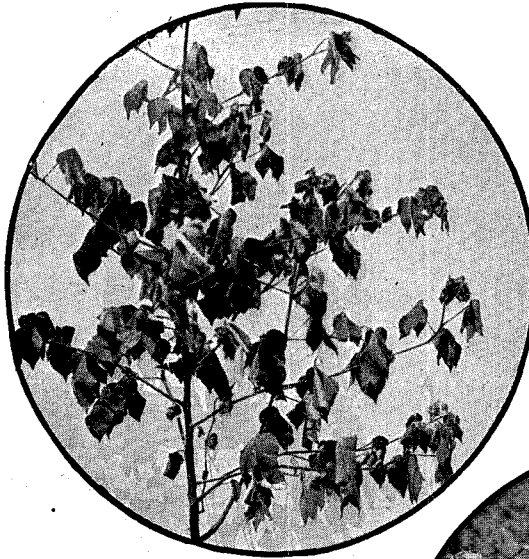
The second is Dewitt Lundy's testimony, and his post-office address is Lexington, Mississippi :

Have been in Corn Clubs three years; failed first year, but stuck to it. Won township prize last year. This year won county and State prizes and trip to Washington, also won prize in corn judging. Land planted—gray sandy loam—in cotton in 1908. January 9 broke land 10 inches with sulky disc, harrowed February 13 and March 19. Planted April 24, used Mosley's Improved seed. Rows 5 feet and 24 inches in drill, but stand was bad. Insects damaged it. Cultivations as follows: May 8, harrow; May 15, shovel; May 22, disc harrow; May 29, same; June 5, same. Detasseled every other row and all barren stalks; selected exhibit



FARMING IN NORTH CAROLINA

Old method at the left. The same farm under demonstration methods at the right



A COTTON STALK GROWN
UNDER ORDINARY METHODS

from detasseled stalks. Yield, 63 bushels. Used no fertilizer. Total cost, \$9.15.

Finally, some local Boards of Trade have made appropriations for prizes, adding interest to the work by offering and advertising such articles as these: "A Nice Buggy," "A First-Class Bicycle," "A Strong Two-Horse Plow," "A Double-Barrel Shot-Gun," "A \$15 Suit of Clothes," "An Up-to-Date Corn-Planter," "A Ton of Fertilizer," "A Two-Horse Wagon," "A Pair of Registered Pigs," "A Pair of Full-Blooded Chickens," "A Fine Colt," "A Registered Calf," etc. Such material rewards may help, but in actual educational value they do not compare with the Department's free trip to Washington and a free week there. The object of Secretary Wilson and of Dr. Knapp is to induce not only greater agricultural yields but better farming methods, and that means an awakened intelligence. Many a boy who begins farming in this way will continue the study in some agricultural college; certainly he will continue the effort on his farm,

and in every way he should become a more useful and efficient citizen.

Dr. Knapp reports that there are now 45,000 members of these Boys' Clubs. No wonder. He now has over four hundred men, all capital employees, working under him. Also no wonder.

In remaking communities the Department of Agriculture has made use not only of the school but of the church. In the South there are many poor churches. Financially, most of them cannot



A COTTON STALK GROWN UN-
DER DEMONSTRATION METHODS

make both ends meet. But all have some claim on some land, and the land may be worked for the common profit. Church-members and trustees have felt the warmth of a genuinely human touch after a visit to them by the Department's agent, showing how debts may be paid off by the proper agricultural use of land, either by the deep plowing above indicated or by the diversification of crops. The result has been a new meaning to the phrase: "The earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof."

Goldwin Smith

By *W. D. Gregory*

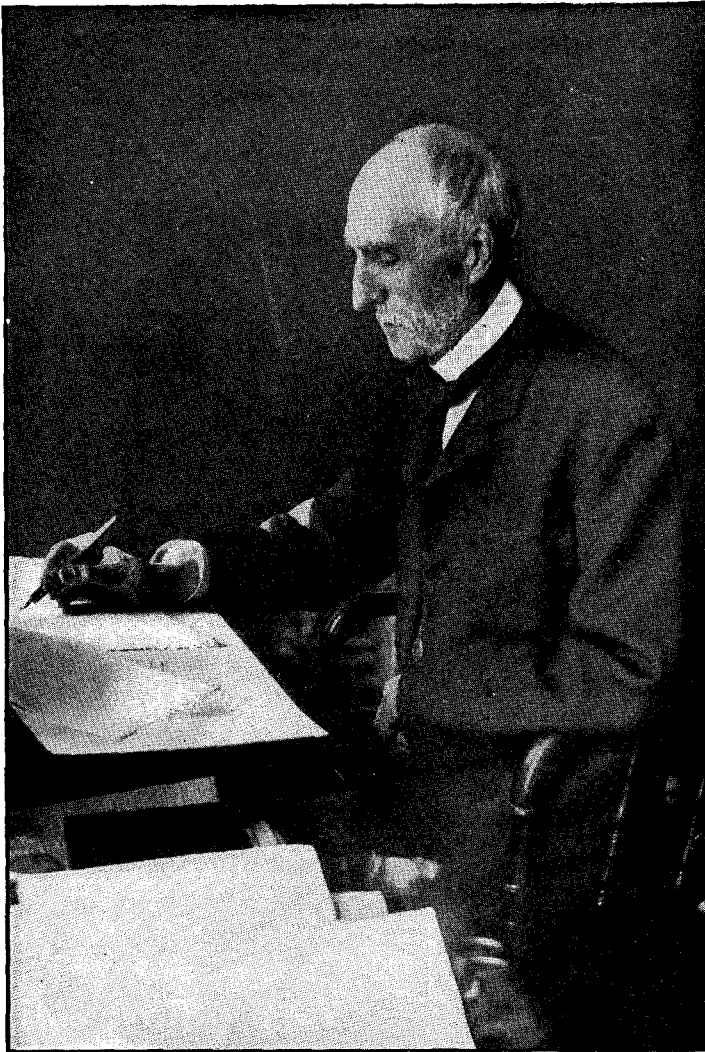
WHILE nowadays many wealthy Americans go to the Old World and form alliances with its aristocracy, it may be said of Goldwin Smith that he came to America for its democracy. He believed, as he stated in the preface to his "Political History of the United States," that the American Commonwealth was the great achievement of his race, and he came to this side of the Atlantic to participate in its development. It was not until he was nearing fifty that he left England. Then came the period when he held the post of Professor of History at Cornell. Later he went to Canada, where, until his death, he resided. With his life spent in three distinct fields, it will not be easy to select his biographer.

Goldwin Smith was born near Reading, Berkshire, England, on August 13, 1823. His earliest recollection was the news of the battle of Navarino. The first school that he attended was near Bath, and was kept by a retired army officer, who, Goldwin Smith used to remark, had but little knowledge himself and never made the mistake of trying to impart any knowledge to others. The boys were allowed to roam over the downs. Goldwin Smith often attributed his good health and longevity to the comparative idleness and out-of-door life of his boyhood years. When he was about twelve years of age, he was sent to Eton, where he lived at the house of Edward Coleridge, a nephew of the poet. Every pupil had a tutor, and Edward Coleridge was tutor to Goldwin Smith. He was very delicate at this time, and in fact continued to be so until he reached years of manhood. He had twenty fevers before he was of age. Yet, while a very delicate boy, he was not roughly used by his schoolmates. "I have no recollection to-day," he once said, "that I was ever bullied at Eton, nor did I ever hear there an oath or a foul word." At Eton, in those days, mathematics was an extra, and practically nothing was taught but classics. It was at that time, as Goldwin Smith says, a very idle school.

The name of the mathematical teacher was Hawtrey, but he had not a standing equal to that of the other masters, each of whom wore a cap and gown. Subsequently, when mathematics was added to the regular course of study, Dr. Hawtrey asked the Provost if he should wear a cap and gown, as the other masters did. "As you please, Dr. Hawtrey," was the Provost's reply. "And shall the boys touch their caps to me as they do to the other masters?" continued Dr. Hawtrey. "As they please, Dr. Hawtrey," replied the Provost. The religious tone of Eton was not high, and the boys probably knew more of the Greek mythology than they did of the Christian religion. Goldwin Smith used to tell the story of a boy who had spiritual troubles, which he laid before one of the masters. When the master had recovered from the shock of such an interview, he told the boy that he would give him an order on the bookseller for a Greek Testament. Among the pupils at Eton in Goldwin Smith's time were Henry Hallam, the historian, and J. T. Coleridge, afterwards Chief Justice, the latter of whom became a lifelong friend of Goldwin Smith's.

At seventeen Goldwin Smith left Eton, having won the Newcastle Scholarship and a medal for classics, and in May, 1841, he matriculated at Oxford. He entered at Christ Church, but soon afterwards was elected to a scholarship at Magdalen, where his undergraduate days were spent. Coleridge entered about the same time. So did Freeman. Among the other students were Matthew Arnold and Temple, while Jowett was a fellow at Balliol. At Oxford Goldwin Smith took high honors in classics, and graduated in 1845. Afterwards he became a fellow at University College, and was for some time a tutor.

Goldwin Smith was a second son, and it was originally intended that he should enter the India Civil Service, but the death of his elder brother changed the plans of the family, and it was decided that he should remain in England. It was when Goldwin Smith was a tutor at Oxford



GOLDWIN SMITH

that the Commission to report on the necessary reforms of the University was appointed. Of this Commission Stanley was secretary, and Goldwin Smith was Stanley's assistant. Goldwin Smith often referred to the work that he did upon this Commission, and also upon the second Commission which was appointed to carry out the recommendations of the first. The work of the Commission mainly consisted in the doing away with old restrictions and tests—a work that must have been largely after Goldwin Smith's heart. Gladstone had charge of the bill that was introduced in the House of Commons to carry the recommendations of the origi-

nal Commission into effect, and Goldwin Smith was thus brought into close contact with him.

It was in 1858 that Goldwin Smith was appointed Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxford, and he continued to fill this position until 1866, when an accident to his father called him home, and he resigned his post. It was while he was at Oxford that the great Puseyite controversy raged. Yet Goldwin Smith remarked that, while there was much controversy, there was little bitterness. Among the students at Oxford at this time was the late King of England. The King, then Prince of Wales, attended

the regular lectures of the Professor of History, and also received special instruction from him. Perhaps to the instruction that he received at this time may be attributed the fact that he proved so constitutional a monarch. Goldwin Smith once observed that even at that period the King gave evidence of his unflinching tact, as he never showed any weariness when attending the lectures.

It was between the time of his graduation at Oxford and his appointment as Professor of History that Goldwin Smith's journalistic work began. He was one of the original staff of the "Saturday Review," the character of which has since so greatly changed. The members of the staff in those days were called Epicureans, and it used to be said of them that, while at that time everything was new, everything was true, and everything was important, to them nothing was new, nothing was true, and nothing was of any importance whatever. Beresford Hope was proprietor of the "Review." Douglas Cooke was editor, and among the mem-

bers of the staff other than Goldwin Smith were Sir William Vernon Harcourt, Sir Henry Maine, and Lord Robert Cecil, afterwards Lord Salisbury. Thackeray was also a writer for the "Review." At that time Goldwin Smith saw much of Lord Robert Cecil, and used to stay with him at the house of his brother-in-law, Beresford Hope. Of a summer afternoon the two young men might have been seen stretched on the lawn at Beresford Hope's residence discussing articles for the "Review." Goldwin Smith wrote not only for the "Saturday Review," but for the "Times." As an illustration of how even the "Times" could make a slip, he told how, one day, while he was still a writer for that journal, he met on the street Robert Lowe, who was then on the editorial staff. Lowe asked him if he could refer him to a work on the Roman Empire, and Goldwin Smith replied that one of the best works was that of Mommsen, which was just out, adding a few remarks about it. "Mommsen" was a new name then, certainly to Lowe, and the next

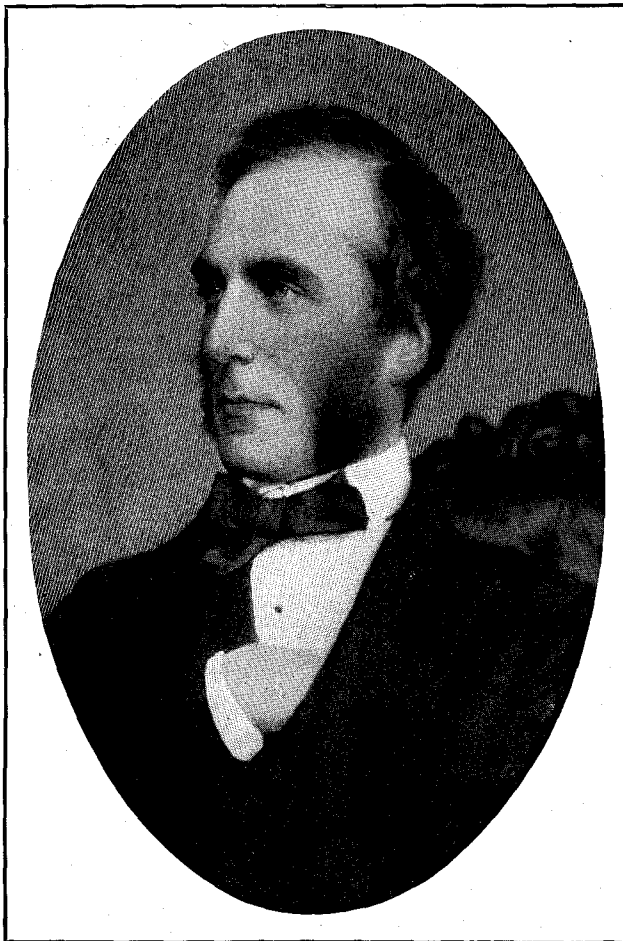


THE GRANGE, GOLDWIN SMITH'S HOME IN TORONTO, ERECTED IN 1817

morning a leading editorial in the "Times" began: "Mr. Thompson, whose work on the Roman Empire," etc.

In the early sixties Goldwin Smith wrote a series of letters to the "Daily News," afterwards published in a volume called "The Empire." These letters resulted in his being brought closely in contact with Cobden and Bright, who welcomed him to what was known as the Manchester School. The literary world at that time was not with Cobden and Bright, and Goldwin Smith was regarded as a great acquisition to the cause. It was for the stand he took on public questions about this time, notably his advocacy of the repeal of the law of entail and the cession of the Ionian Isles to Greece, that he was attacked by name in the House of Commons by Disraeli. Disraeli's hostility to him continued, but it was after he left England and was on this side of the Atlantic that he was anonymously

attacked by Disraeli in "Lothair" as an Oxford professor and a social parasite. Goldwin Smith's reply to Disraeli is well worth recalling. "In your 'Lothair,'" he writes, "you introduce an Oxford professor who is about to emigrate to America, and you describe him as a social parasite. You well know that if you had ventured openly to accuse me of any social baseness you would have had to answer for your words; but when, sheltering yourself under the literary forms of a work of fiction, you seek to traduce with impunity the social character of a political opponent, your expressions can touch no man's honor—they are the stingless insults of a coward." It was some time before Disraeli made these attacks upon him that Goldwin Smith had been asked to write the life of



GOLDWIN SMITH IN 1866

From a portrait painted just after his resignation as Regius Professor of History at Oxford. The painting is now at the Bodleian Library

Peel, and Peel's correspondence had been placed in his hands. Disraeli had denied in the House of Commons that he had ever asked Peel for office, yet among the letters handed to Goldwin Smith was one from Disraeli to Peel abjectly appealing for place. Goldwin Smith regarded these letters as having been shown to him in confidence, and, notwithstanding Disraeli's personal attacks upon him, the contents of this letter were never made known by him. Its contents were known to the public only when Peel's life was published several years ago.

Goldwin Smith was among the founders of the Cobden Club, and it was he who suggested as the Club's motto the words, "Peace, good will, free trade among nations." He was probably the last survivor

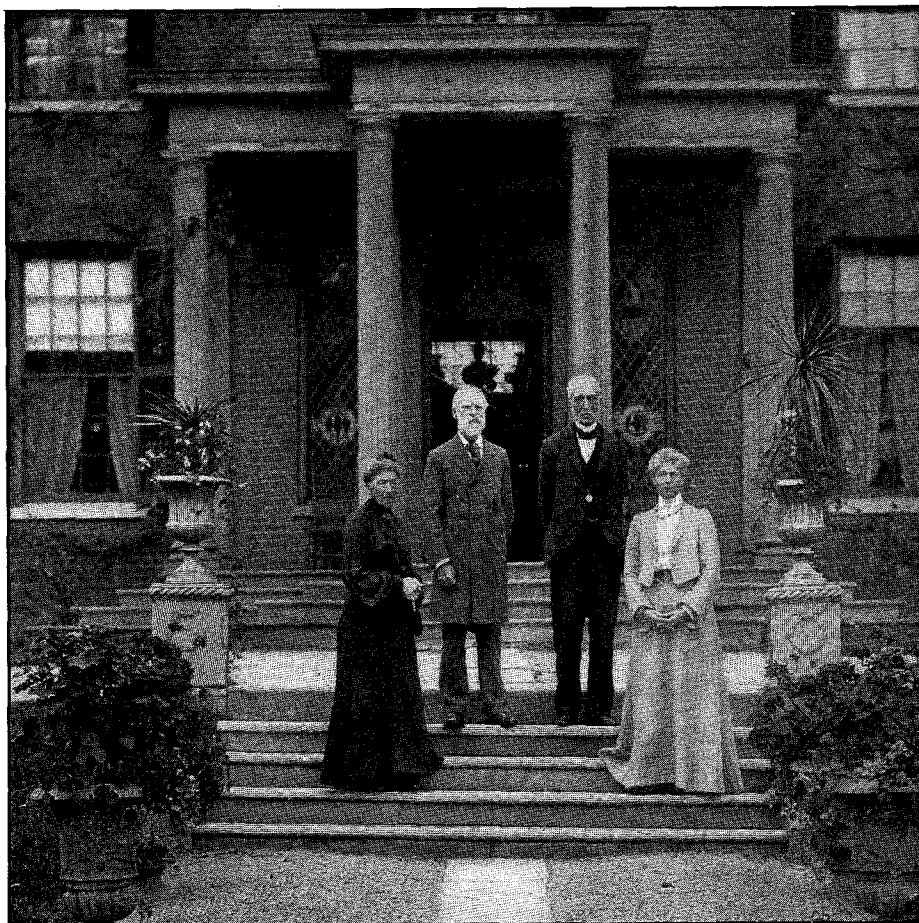
of the Manchester School. "I am," he said at a farmers' gathering near Toronto several years ago, "one of the last sear leaves fluttering upon that tree, and I am not ashamed of the tree on which I grew." His political economy was summed up in a few words. "Every man," he said, "should be allowed to earn all the bread he can, and eat all the bread he earns."

Few men did more than Goldwin Smith during the days of the Civil War in America to stem the tide which ran so strongly among the higher classes in England in favor of the South. A little work entitled "Does the Bible Sanction American Slavery?" had a wide circulation in England at that time, and is still referred to by orthodox admirers as one of the most striking of Goldwin Smith's literary works. It was as a sort of envoy of the Liberal party that Goldwin Smith paid a visit to the United States in the latter part of 1864 to inquire into and report on the real state of the war, which, owing to the absence of cable communication and misinformation, was not clearly understood in England. Part of the time that he was in America was spent by him with Grant's army. Those who find fault with Goldwin Smith for his criticism of what he regarded as objectionable tendencies in American life to-day should not forget the great service he rendered to the United States in the time of its greatest trial.

In a sketch of the early days of Cornell, Goldwin Smith tells of his arrival at Ithaca in 1868, and of the two happy years that he spent there. The democratic character of Cornell appealed to him, and it was not through any dissatisfaction with his life and work there that he went to Canada. He continued until his death Emeritus Professor of English History at Cornell, and until several years ago delivered an annual lecture at the University. Upon a stone seat on the campus at Cornell may still be seen the following words, which he had engraved while he was there: "Above all nations is Humanity."

It was shortly after he left Cornell that Goldwin Smith took up his residence at Toronto. Here in 1875 he married Mrs. Boulton, the widow of a member of a United Empire Loyalist family. The Grange, where he resided,

was built by one of the Boultons in 1817. In a sketch of the Grange which he gave to the writer Goldwin Smith says: "Then it was quite outside the city. The horses of its founder were attacked by a bear on what is now its lawn; and Mrs. Boulton, lying in bed with her child at her side, was surprised by the entrance of an Indian, who patted her on the cheek, said, 'Pretty squaw, pretty papoose,' and walked out again. Now the house is in the very center of the city. Still, it retains grounds of between five and six acres, while it is so embosomed in old trees that from its front in summer no building but the spire of one church is seen, while the hum of the city is scarcely heard. The house is thoroughly English, exactly resembling in style and in environments the little mansions on the outskirts of English towns which used to be residences of the minor gentry or the retired merchant, general, admiral, or dowager in former days. I know no other house so thoroughly English in aspect on this side of the Atlantic. In the interior everything is black walnut—a common wood in those days, but now rare—and the small panes of glass in the windows with the fittings generally bespeak its date. The Boulton who built the Grange was a member of the oligarchy called the Family Compact, which, by its monopoly of office and power, brought on the Canadian rebellion of 1837. Could he revisit the Grange now, he might recoil on finding it occupied, not by tyrannical Tories, but by a Liberal, and one who is an advocate of the reunion of the English-speaking race upon this continent. He might recoil, too, from a set of portraits of the leaders of the English Revolution, with Oliver Cromwell at the head of them, which hangs in the dining-room. But he would find the Grange the abode of a lover of England. He would see in the hall the portraits of Pitt and Nelson, which he had hung there, honored as before. He would see the portrait of a lady, a connection of mine, who had danced at the ball at Brussels before Waterloo. In the library he would find cherished as a venerable relic a trunk which had gone through the Peninsular War with Sir John Moore. He would find the walls of the



GOLDWIN SMITH, MRS. SMITH, JAMES BRYCE, AND MRS. BRYCE AT THE GRANGE

drawing-room hung with pictures of Eton and Oxford and of the characteristic objects of rural England."

Yet Goldwin Smith's absence from England was deplored by many of his fellow-countrymen. His visits there were only occasional. During Gladstone's Home Rule campaign he spent some months in England and took a leading part in the contest, and while there he was offered the Unionist nomination for a constituency that would have undoubtedly returned him to the House of Commons. He had on several occasions before been offered a nomination, but had invariably declined. Matthew Arnold was one of those who deeply regretted his absence on this side of the Atlantic. In "A Word More about America" he says: "One man there is whom above all others I would fain have seen in Parliament during the

last ten years, and beheld established in influence there at this juncture—Mr. Goldwin Smith. . . . With singular lucidity and penetration he saw what great reforms were needed . . . and the order of relative importance in which reforms stood. Such were his character, style, and faculties that alone, perhaps, among men of his insight, he was capable of getting his ideas weighed and entertained by men of power; while amid all favor and under all temptations he was certain to have still remained true to his insight, 'unshaken, unseduced, unterrified.' I think of him as a real power for good in Parliament at this time, had he by now become, as he might have become, one of the leaders there. His absence from the scene, his retirement in Canada, is a great loss to his friends, but a still greater loss to his country."

During his residence in Canada Goldwin Smith took an active interest in public questions and was a regular contributor to the press. He founded and for several years was the sole contributor to the "Bystander," a monthly review of current events. He always took a deep interest in the farmers, whom he regarded as the best and soundest part of the community, and fourteen years ago brought about the reorganization of the Toronto "Sun," a weekly journal circulating mainly in the country districts. Until within a few months of his death he contributed several columns to each issue of the "Sun," under the *nom de plume* of "A Bystander," and every Tuesday afternoon he might be found at the "Sun" office making the final corrections in his proofs and giving the finishing touches to his articles.

To a question as to how he acquired his clear and charming style, he replied that he had no style and had not time to think of adapting his writing to one. "I always try," he added, "to make myself clear." Asked further what course he would recommend to one who desired to cultivate a clear style, he replied, "Read the old classics; there is nothing equal to them." The value of command of language was touched upon by him in a lecture on the study of history, delivered at Oxford now nearly fifty years ago. In this lecture he says: "To appreciate language is partly to command it, and to command beautiful and forcible language is to have a key, with which no man who is to rule through opinion can dispense, to the heart and mind of man." He was fond of Macaulay, and a caller often found him sitting by the fireplace with a volume of Macaulay in his hand.

Goldwin Smith made no pretensions to oratory, but no one received such a reception as he did at public gatherings or more deeply impressed his hearers. One of the most striking addresses that he ever delivered was at a dinner given by the Toronto Bar during the progress of the Boer War, to which he was strongly opposed. During the evening the war had been glorified in turgid rhetoric, and there was not a little curiosity as to what Goldwin Smith would say. The scene at the dinner when, near midnight, the frail

old man, then close to his eightieth year, rose to speak, and the remarkable demonstration at the close of the speech, when the diners rose and cheered him again and again, will never be forgotten by any one who was present. The closing portion of the speech, in which he contrasted the fleeting glories of war with the permanence of law, is a classic which may well be preserved. "I stood the other day," he said, "on the cradle of jurisprudence, in the Roman Forum, where the twelve tables were promulgated; where the Prætorian edicts were given out; where Antonius and Cicero argued against each other on points of law and ethics. The Forum—the Roman Forum—is now a mere expanse of utter wreck, amongst which antiquarians laboriously, precariously search for the vestiges of great events, the footsteps of great men. The triumphal arch of Titus still stands, but under it no triumphs sweep up to the Capitol. The Roman Empire is dead, and I stood upon its grave. But the jurisprudence that was there born did not there die. It went forth to be a blessing to all ages, to the whole human race. This is a real empire; this, like the empire of Science, knows no bounds. It is propagated without violence. It knows no decay. These vast aggregations of territory piled together by human pride and human ambition, in defiance of reason and nature, and by means which carried havoc and slaughter into human homes—these, one after another, the Roman Empire, the Assyrian Empire, the Chaldean Empire, the Persian Empire, the Empire of Alexander, the Empire of the Saracens, the Empire of Charlemagne, the Empire of Spain, and the Empire of Napoleon—pass across the page of history through the inevitable process of decay to their common grave."

To many it was a source of regret that Goldwin Smith did not devote himself more exclusively to active journalism. Had he done so, he could not have failed to make a great name for himself in the newspaper world. No one knew better than he when and how to strike home. No one could express more in an epigram. One feature especially must have impressed those who followed his journalistic work, even in its comparatively

limited sphere. This was his constant iteration and reiteration of an argument which he desired to impress upon his readers. Week after week and month after month he would present an argument, now in this way and now in that, now in one dress and now in another, until he had convinced those readers who were open to conviction. For some years I met him each week for the purpose of discussing subjects for treatment in the Toronto "Sun." I never knew him to look up statistics, yet he had a wonderful intuition for the facts and seldom made a mistake. He was always most appreciative of any article which showed evidence of research. In dealing with public men he did not draw fine distinctions between right and wrong. To his mind a man was either right or wrong, and there was no middle ground. He was allied with no political party, and did much to build up and strengthen independent journalism in Canada, yet, while independent in politics, he always stuck to his friends with a fidelity which no politician could surpass. In justice to him it must also be said that he seldom forgot his enemies.

The home life of Goldwin Smith was touchingly happy. His kindly consideration was felt by all around him, and no one who of an afternoon saw him seated reading aloud to his wife and her friends as they were at their sewing could doubt his domestic qualities. A visitor at the Grange would find, what is a rarity in these days even in old England, a household long settled in the service, and linked, not merely by hire, but by mutual attachment to their master and mistress. No picture could be more pleasing to the eye than the three pretty cottages on the grounds in which the married domestics lived. No object in the library was more cherished by its owner than a gift presented to him by the household on his eightieth birthday. "Please to accept this little gift," the address ran, "from us servants in the house as a token of our admiration of you as a gentleman and our esteem and affection for you as a master." "Nothing," said Goldwin Smith in his reply, "could have given me greater pleasure than this token of attachment. It has always been my wish, as I am sure

it is that of Mrs. Goldwin Smith, that the inmates of the Grange should be a united household and that all the members of the household should feel that their comfort and happiness were objects of our interest and care. Such is the old English idea always cherished by me."

One of the most striking characteristics of Goldwin Smith was his thorough-going democracy. He was one of the friends of the labor movement when friends of that movement were few. In England he advocated the abolition of the House of Lords as a hereditary body and the disestablishment of the Church. The Canadian farmer received as warm a welcome at the Grange as the English aristocrat who called to pay his respects when passing through the city. He always attended the annual meeting of the Farmers' Association at Toronto. During an election campaign some years ago a meeting of farmers was held at Toronto to discuss the issues and decide on the line of action to be taken. Goldwin Smith was invited to be present, but a week before the date fixed for the meeting he met with an accident, breaking his wrist, and no one expected that he would be there. The meeting was held in the third story of a large office building, yet when the farmers arrived, most of them rather late, they found Goldwin Smith, his arm in a sling, there before them, and he took the leading part in the discussion which followed.

He had a wonderful memory. He seemed always to remember everything that he had read and every one whom he had known, and would repeat conversations which had taken place many years before. During the last few years of his life he frequently complained of his failing memory, although then it was much better than the memory of the average man. There were some things, however, which he never carried in his mind. In investigating the title to some Toronto property one day I found that it had once been owned by Goldwin Smith, but in the conveyance his wife had not joined to bar her dower. I was surprised at this, as I was quite under the impression that he was married at the time the conveyance was made. It happened that he called that day at my office, and I asked him if he was not married at the date of the

transaction. "Really, Gregory," he replied, "I cannot tell you; but ask Chin [the butler at the Grange], he has a wonderful memory for dates." I called up the Grange and asked Chin, who informed me that Goldwin Smith had been married in the year following the transaction referred to. I asked Mr. Smith if he would sign a declaration to this effect which might be kept among the title papers. He at once consented. "If Chin says so," he remarked, "it must be all right."

He was one of the founders and the principal contributor to the support of an athletic club founded in Toronto in the nineties with the object of providing recreation for those employed in banks and other commercial institutions, and he never ceased to deplore the fact that through lack of wider support the club failed. Like most Englishmen, he was a lover of cricket. He attempted to explain the game to his wife, but said that he gave up after he found that she thought that the bowler and the batsman were on the same side. He was fond of bowling, and up to within a year or so of his death might be seen bowling on a summer afternoon on the grounds of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club of Toronto. I sometimes took him to a baseball match, which he much enjoyed. The skill of the fielders was the feature of the game that most impressed him.

Goldwin Smith's articles on religious topics, especially those that appeared from time to time in the New York "Sun," brought him many letters from readers, and many works upon religious subjects were showered upon him. "There is indeed a ferment in religious thought," he remarked with emphasis one day when speaking of the number of letters and religious works of various kinds that he had received and the nature of their contents. Formerly a member of the Church of England, he ceased attendance at its services many years before his death. There is a little Baptist church near the Grange, and this church he frequently attended, listening to sermons which were as free as it is possible for sermons to be from any suggestion of the Higher Criticism.

"I have shaken hands," said Goldwin Smith not long ago, "with the man who

was Premier of England in 1801, and I can still remember the tone in which old Addington spoke of Pitt." Few men whose memory runs back so far have many boyhood friends and contemporaries left, and Goldwin Smith's had all passed away. Several years ago he received the portrait of an old associate, and he at once wrote thanking him for it, and recalling former days. In reply he received a letter, not from his old friend, but from the latter's son, stating that it was the son, not the father, who had sent the portrait; that the father had long been dead, and that, if he were living then, he would be more than one hundred years of age. Yet, while his boyhood friends had passed off the stage, he kept up a constant correspondence with leading men in English public life, and with his Oxford friends who still remained. One of the most pleasing events connected with his eightieth birthday was the following address, signed by many of the heads of the colleges at Oxford: "Thirty-six years have passed since you left Oxford, and not many remain of those with whom you lived then, and who were wont to look to you for light and counsel. But we who are left desire to take the occasion of your having passed your eightieth birthday to assure you of the sense we retain of the services you rendered to the University when you were among us, of the undiminished affection which we bear to you, and of the admiration we feel for the energy and freshness of mind which has enabled you to fill your later days with work in which we find all the qualities which delighted us at the time when you lectured here. We hope you may have many years left in which to instruct and inspire with high ideals, not only your contemporaries, but the younger generation which has grown up since your fame became established as a national possession." He sent a touching reply, in which he told them that at eventide the sound of the bells of his old college at Oxford came to him across the seas.

For many years Goldwin Smith was Chairman of the United Charities Association of Toronto, a position which he continued to hold until his death. He was asked by the Ontario Government to accept the position of chairman of a com-

mission to report a form of government for Toronto University. This position he felt inclined to decline, but accepted appointment to the commission and attended all of the seventy-odd meetings that were held. He was later appointed a member of the Governing Board of the University. He was Chairman of a Citizens' Committee which some fifteen years ago brought in a report on a new system of government for the city of Toronto. He was a constant attendant at the meetings of the Committee and took an active interest in its work. But when it came to voting for aldermen for the ward in which he resided, he was quite at sea. He would ask his butler who were the best men, and would vote for those whom the butler recommended.

In his fine library he went steadily on with his literary work. His bright eye and his fine cast of countenance reminded a visitor of an English statesman of the old school. He looked out over the world with philosophic eye. "I have seen," he remarked one day, "the collapse of many a political waterspout and the ebb of many a political tide." He told his friends that, looking out over the state of the world, he doubted whether he was more to be congratulated upon escaping the coming smash or consoled with on missing the fun.

No one could speak his mind as freely and fearlessly as Goldwin Smith did without exposing himself to attack, and attacks of the most violent kind were made upon him, particularly by the old Tory element, which was incensed at his advocacy of the political union of Canada and the United States. But for years before his death these attacks upon him practically ceased, and on all sides there was general recognition of his great intellectual qualities, of his fearlessness, of his fidelity to truth, of the distinction which came to Canada through such a man's making his home within her borders. It is gratifying that this recognition came during his lifetime, and there is no doubt that he appreciated it, though he once remarked to a visitor that he sometimes felt like William Lloyd Garrison, who, when he was presented with a watch, said that he would have known much better what to do had it been an egg.

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During the last year of his life he showed signs of increasing feebleness, and often remarked to his callers that the end was not far away, but he ever retained his keen interest in public affairs. In September, 1909, he lost his wife. It was in February of this year that he met with an accident. Groping about in the dark, he slipped and fell, breaking his thigh. It was not anticipated that he would recover from the shock, but recover he did, and, though he was confined to his bed or his chair for the remainder of his days, he received his friends and talked to them in his own charming style. He had often said that he did not wish to die suddenly, but hoped that an opportunity would be given to him to say farewell to his friends. This opportunity was given to him. As the end drew near he would, in parting, remark that he would not be here long, and might not see his caller again. Three or four days before his death he sent for the old butler, who for more than fifty years had been in charge at the Grange. To him he held out his hand and said "Farewell," and asked him to thank the members of the household for all their kindness to him. Several weeks after his accident he had been removed from his bedroom to his library, on the ground floor of the house, which for years had been his working-room and which had been fitted up for him. Here he died, surrounded by his books and in view of the green lawn and the beautiful elm trees which he loved so well. He had no near relatives, and his private secretary and the faithful butler, both of whom had watched over him with the tenderest care, were the only ones with him when the end came. In his last hours his face was turned toward the large oak mantel which he had had erected after he took up his residence at the Grange, and on which are carved these words: "*Magna vis veritatis, qua facile se per ipsa defendat.*" "Great is the power of truth, which can easily defend itself by its own force." No words could better express the guiding principle of his private life and his political philosophy. To him truth was the greatest force in the relations, not only of men, but of nations. And no man sought truth more reverently or served it more fearlessly than Goldwin Smith.



AN OPEN-AIR PULPIT

BY

FLORENCE E. WINSTON

ON one of the busiest corners of New York, where Grace Church, a landmark for miles of pedestrians, dominates Broadway, lies, fair and green in the sunshine, a garden which was recently dedicated to a divine and joyous service. Dr. William R. Huntington, the late rector of the church, was fond of transferring Old World customs to a new country when sound sentiment or real use justified him. Thus he established the first choir school in the United States, and thus he laid out the last of many successful plans for affiliating Grace Church with the interests of the city, making it a progressive center of interest and influence to busy toilers and shoppers, as well as to men and women who perform the duties of

their several professions in the tall buildings which surround the church. The ground where the Vienna Bakery had stood was secured, and the sides of the Chantry and the rear of buildings facing on Fourth Avenue were finished to correspond with the church, and an open-air pulpit was erected. From the Middle Ages, when the custom of preaching out of doors from pulpits erected near roads or beside wayside crosses found great vogue, came the idea of the open-air pulpit. A celebrated one was at Spitalfields, another at St. Paul's. Later, external pulpits were built against many churches, and such are to be found at Magdalen College, Oxford, and at Shrewsbury. But the practical uses of this pulpit no doubt weighed more heavily with

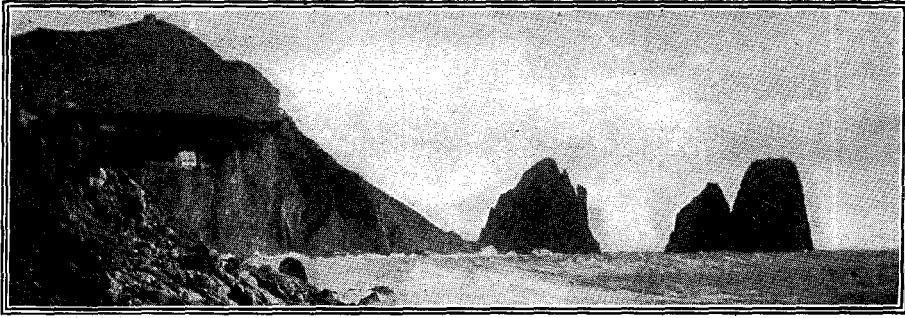
the rector than did mere sentiment. At the door of Grace Church an invitation welcomes all passers-by to enter and worship, but Dr. Huntington wished to establish a worship which men could not avoid seeing. There, at "the bend in the road," where the multitudes come up Broadway, they may see always the pulpit carved with the figures of the four evangelists, and with the Beatitudes, of which he was so fond, and which he had incorporated into an appealing responsive service. When he died, his fellow-workers completed the garden as a memorial to their rector.

Planted on the busiest commercial street of this Western hemisphere, Huntington Close witnesses to the supreme and changeless value of the ancient faith amid all changing conditions of nations and of centuries. It is an open-air church, and brings into the turmoil of the city a peaceful flavor of the countryside. The greensward is its nave, the sky its vaulting, the street pavements its aisles. The pulpit, a memorial to David Wolf Bishop, is its central feature. The unchurched as well as believers are from week to week invited to enter and worship here. At the opening service Dr. Slattery, the new rector, dedicated, not only the Close and the pulpit, but two fine entrances from the church to the Close—the choristers' door, a memorial given by Mr. J. M. Helfenstein in memory of his mother, and the porch of the Chantry, in memory of the son and daughter of Mrs. George C. Clark.

A weekly service is held in the Close at 12:30, noon, on Wednesdays—an hour when not only the shoppers but the toilers are on the street, and can find here, amid the rush and roar of the thoroughfare, a sanctuary of calm and repose. The service is that of a parish church transferred to a garden, and may not at once attract such num-

bers as one in larger type and heavier colors; but it is gaining, and will no doubt keep a distinct place in the city's life. A tent top is placed, an efficient shelter from sun and shower, and the breeze draws freely over the open lawn. On each Wednesday at noon the congregation begins to gather, and it is not limited to those in the Close; throngs surround the fence which guards the inclosure, listening reverently to hymn and prayer, and the open windows of the high buildings in the vicinity are filled with those who observantly follow the service. In a cathedral one can often do little more than see the ministrant and hear the distant chanting, yet what devout worshippers are found there; so the congregation in this open-air cathedral fills the office of the choir, leading a worship in which the spectators mutely take part. In connection with the hymns a unique feature has been introduced. After experimenting with cornet and quartet, the famous Grace Church chimes were tried, and found to be in admirable tune with the voice. If the player had been with the singers, instead of in the bell-tower where he can neither hear nor see them, his sympathy with them could not have been more completely felt. Now "the voices and the bells ring out together, and there is something charming in the idea of the worshipers down on the lawn singing to the accompaniment of the swinging bells whose tones carry heavenward as well as earthward. If Poe were alive, he might well be tempted to add another stanza to his famous lyric."

Where bells and people sing together in this open-air cathedral of Broadway, a fit and simple word is spoken by one of the clergy of the church to those who pause to listen, and then the tides of life roll on.



SOLARO AND TIBERIO

The Lure of Capri

By Hamilton W. Mabie

IN that witty and vivacious comedy "What Every Woman Knows" the brothers of the heroine are persuaded that her failure to marry is due to a fatal lack of charm, and when she finally succeeds, and, later, her husband's fancy is caught for the moment by a woman of inferior clay, the obvious explanation is "it's that damn charm." There is very little profit of a substantial sort in Capri, but the island has the fatal gift of charm, and many races of men have desired and possessed it, from the days of the Odyssey to these later years when the northern peoples, who long ago formed the habit of invading Italy by the way of the Brenner Pass, pour a daily tide over the island and send the German language into its innermost recesses. So many are they, and of so vigorous a breed, that they seem to imperil the charm of the island; for, with all their great qualities, the quality of charm is not widely possessed by the Teutonic races.

But the secret and subtle influence of Capri is not to be put in bondage even by investigators of such ability and training as the Germans; they bring knowledge and enthusiasm to the island, but they cannot subjugate it. An Italian writer of standing declared, not long ago, that civilization is still the special possession of the Latin peoples, and that the other races remain barbarians, as their ancestors were before them. Much may be said for this claim on behalf of the Latins; but even the Latins have suffered a great admixture of northern blood, and

in Italy, France, and Spain the physical and mental traits of the barbarians who centuries ago fell in love with the Mediterranean have seriously modified the Latin traits and qualities.

Capri, like the rest of Italy, has suffered much from the invaders who have possessed her, but in the end has either assimilated or subjugated them, and her charm remains to-day as inviolate as in the days of the Greeks. Like the island of "The Tempest," the air is full of a beguiling music which intoxicates the senses and lays a spell on the imagination; if reports are to be believed, unsuspected persons have crossed the bay from Naples to spend the night and have never returned to the mainland. Their names may be read on the stones in the little cemetery. Others have come over for a few weeks and are now counting the years behind them; from time to time they talk with one another about going back to the places where they once belonged, but they never go!

And when you have been on the island long enough to feel its atmosphere, this is not a matter of surprise to you; you begin to inquire about desirable villas; you ask about the climate, and then you are lost. Some countries, like England, have a climate but no weather; other countries, like our own, have weather but no climate; Capri has both! In other words, there is a happy equilibrium of temperature, a fortunate stability of barometric pressure, and an unusual procession of fine days on the island; a rare and beguiling harmony

between general conditions and special seasons. The great rock, which looks down on the Mediterranean on one side and on the Bay of Naples on the other, rises into two massive peaks—Solaro and Tiberio—with a connecting ridge wide enough for the little town of Capri. The rains stream rapidly into the sea, so that mud is practically unknown. During the summer there is dust, though the islanders rarely speak of it; they speak rather of the superb days that rise out of the sea in the warm months and fill the great bowl of the sky with radiant light and die in a splendor which the painters are always waylaying but never overtaking. Neither hot nor cold, lavishly endowed with sunshine and encircled by a landscape full of enchantment, is it surprising that the island has been greatly desired by many races, and that the dwellers by the Baltic go up and down the *funiculaire* from the landing-pier in almost unbroken procession?

Mr. Harold E. Trower, a cultivated Englishman who has long lived on the island, has connoted the classical allusions to Capri from the description of the perilous passage of Ulysses past the Sirens to the time of the only Caprian poet, Blæsus, who obscurely appears on the page of a late Byzantine writer, who fortunately quotes a line of Greek verse full of significance:

"Pour out for me
seven measures of
the best sweet
wine."¹

The record which
began with the Si-

¹ "The Book of Capri,"
by Harold E. Trower,
B.A. Emil Prass, Na-
ples. An authoritative
work on Capri.

rens ends with a reference to Capri wine! It is evident that the men who used the Greek language knew the charm of the island and were not unfamiliar with its spell. Suetonius, the discredited gossip of the time of the Empire, has many things to say of it which have a mild flavor of fable. He introduces one of those pleasant miracles which were once invented as a matter of compliment to great persons. When Augustus stepped on shore at Capri, "some decayed branches of an old ilex, which hung drooping to the ground, recovered themselves, at which he was so delighted that he made an exchange of the island of Ischia for that of Capri." The pleasure of the Emperor in this occurrence was happily combined with much profit; incidentally, he made a very good bargain. The island has the honor of mention in "The Meditations of Marcus Aurelius," and Dion Cassius, the historian,

tersely and neatly characterizes it in a sentence: "Capri is situated not far from Sorrento; it produces nothing useful, but it preserves a celebrity even to the present time because of the sojourn of Tiberius." This brings us close to the secret of Capri: while a large part of the earth is busy producing useful things, Capri is content to be beautiful!

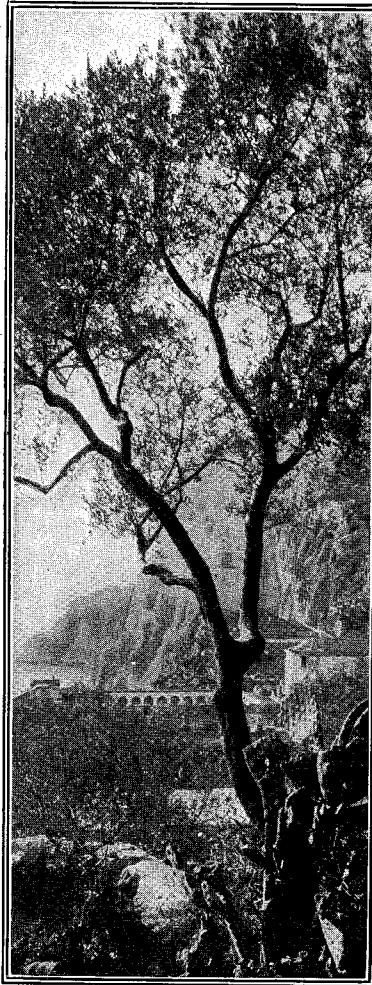
There are more uses in beauty than the modern world dreams of, and one of them is its fulfillment of the promise of life to the spirit: the promise of a soul in things akin to the soul in man; the soul that passionately cries out for the eternal



A GIRL FROM CAPRI

perfection never present to the senses, never absent from the imagination. It was, perhaps, this hidden passion, inarticulate and veiled under a thousand desires, but never wholly lost, that took Augustus to Capri in his victorious youth and made him probably the great builder whose massive Roman work has been credited to Tiberius. A Roman Emperor could do what he chose with the earth which lay in his hand, and Augustus chose to make the island accessible by roads, to construct aqueducts, to build palaces; this, at least, is the conclusion of experts. For almost half a century he found repose there from the awful egotism of the Roman Emperorship and a refuge from the tumult and oppressive luxury of Rome. When he made his last visit, the hand of death was on him, but the closing act of his life was nobly staged on the rock which he had transformed, his seventy-five years falling from him for a few brief days. A little later he lay dead at Nola.

The legends of the cruelty and lust of Tiberius in his later years at Capri probably have as little foundation in fact as the story of the building of the twelve palaces. He found more palaces ready for him than an Emperor with a court could have lighted and warmed, and he brought no court to Capri. He was well on toward seventy; life had smitten him with implacable persistence; he was in ill health; his companions were neither statesmen nor revelers; they were, for the most part, scholars and men of letters. A man of infirm health; trained like an athlete to severe, exacting, and heavy labors;



THE ISLAND HAS THE
FATAL GIFT OF CHARM

accustomed to self-constraint; with old age knocking at the door, is not likely to turn roisterer and sensualist. The historical students who have given good reasons for their conviction that the stories of his furious and profligate old age on the island are inventions of a later period are not to be lightly charged with "whitewashing" a reputation of sinister import; they are probably making a late reparation to a man whose evil fortune pursued him for many centuries after his death. In Italy whitewash has often concealed for generations the most glorious frescoes; it may be that in the case of Tiberius the reverse of that process has hidden a lonely and sorrowful old age behind a veil of skillfully devised slander. The malice of Tacitus and the gossip of Suetonius doubtless deserve the tremendous castigation which Voltaire was the first to

administer to those ancient writers of scandal.

Men of many races desired Capri after the fall of the Empire, and showed their devotion in the good old masculine fashion of wooing the fair one by knocking her on the head and making her a captive. The story of the island for a thousand years was an Iliad of changing rulers, ruthless invasions, merciless devastation. After the Corsairs came the Plague, and after the Plague the Bourbons, worse than all the miseries that had gone before. And now Capri is at peace; the invaders still climb the rock, speaking many languages, but they no longer ravage and destroy. It is true, the blight of the tourist has not left the people unscathed; German,

American, and English sightseers have blurred somewhat the old simplicity and kindness of the islanders; but they are still a friendly people, with whom a smile and a word seem to count as much as a *lira*.

The shortest way to Capri is the longest way. It is easy enough to master the geography of the island in two days: Cross the bay from Naples or Sorrento, stay at Capri, walk to Anacapri, row into the far-famed Blue Grotto, climb to the top of Tiberio, stopping on the way at "La Bella Carolina" to see two graceful children dance the *tarantella*, shudder over the abyss into which imaginary victims were hurled by a vindictive old Emperor, ascend Monte Solaro, go to the Piazza two or three times and watch the crowd coming and going in endless procession, see the professional model who lounges there in correct fisherman's attire, his showy hair and bronzed face surmounted by the familiar red bonnet; this is Capri as the quick-moving tourist sees it.

But the real Capri, the enchanted island, is not to be found in this summary fashion. The shortest way to Capri is by way of Salerno; the wonderful drive along the rocks from that ancient university city to Sorrento is a preliminary education in the elements that weave the spell at Capri: earth, air, sky, and sea, and the magical effects they can produce when they have nothing else to do. At Sorrento, in the early spring, you will be haunted by a sense of enfolding orange-blossoms; the smell of them fills the air, and, Mr. Crawford tells us, announces Sorrento a mile at sea.



CARRYING THE WINE
JUGS AS OF OLD

There are special hours for the approach to certain choice bits of earth. Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith has said, with great wisdom, that Venice ought never to be seen for the first time by daylight. If you find yourself arriving before early evening, get off at Padua or some smaller station and wait for the fitting time to step into the gondola at Venice: the hour when outlines are growing dim and lights are beginning to show along the Grand Canal. Of course the shabby, fallen Venice of beads and glass and lace can be seen at any hour from a steam launch; but if you want to see the Venice of the Book of Gold, of Canaletto, of Guardi, of Ruskin, you must make your approach by twilight. You can go to Capri in the morning, if you choose; but if you are not a tourist driven by a fury of haste, you will drive to Sorrento from Amalfi or Ravello, and take

your tea on the terrace of a hotel and rest your heart in the beauty of a bay of which no adequate record will ever be made. Later you will cross on an afternoon boat and struggle through the confusion of landing by a small boat on a rough stone pier at the Marina Grande in the dim light of lanterns and in a true Italian Babel of many-sounding voices. Stalwart women will seize your luggage and carry it to the *funiculaire*, which, not without disquieting vibrations, will lift you quickly to the Piazza, whence through narrow streets you will make your way to a very delightful hotel, if you know which one to choose.

You will soon learn the statistics of the island, the facts about its production of



THEY ARE STILL A FRIENDLY PEOPLE

fruit, oil, and wine ; and, if you are energetic, you will soon know the walks and localities. It is true, Baedeker devotes eight or nine pages to Capri, but these pages do not bristle with starred titles of pictures or descriptions of cathedrals and palaces ; they give directions for a few walks, accounts of a few localities, and a little condensed history. The simple fact about Capri is that it is the island itself that is double-starred ! You may not find this out the first morning ; Capri is a revelation, not a discovery.

This revelation is not made suddenly ; it dawns slowly, as the day breaks over a wide landscape, touching first the highest peaks, and then gradually and silently

sinking its impalpable beauty into the deepest ravines, the darkest abysses of shadow in which the bases of the mountains are hidden. This revelation is wrought by a process of nature, but it is none the less a miracle, as are all disclosures of truth and beauty. They will point out to you the rocks where the Sirens sang when Ulysses passed this way, as they lie along the edge of the island nearest the mainland ; and the Sirens are still there. They do not sing, but they weave a wonderful web of air and light and color, and the world of land and sea and sky takes on an almost incredible loveliness and splendor. The great rock becomes a point of vision, remaining itself a part of the alchemy by which the miracle is wrought. Its massive structure, lifted against the sky in two piles of primeval masonry, catches the light from a thousand angles and dissolves its immense solidity in elusive tones of color—gray, with tints of red, green, yellow ; and in the late afternoon a wide shadow sweeps slowly over Capri as the sun sinks behind Solaro.

At that hour of peace-making between day and night the bay takes on a ravishing loveliness. Naples lies in the distance, a white vision of a city wrapped in a silence to which its narrow

streets are strangers. To the west Ischia becomes softly luminous with rosy light ; to the east Vesuvius seems to sink in the glow which slowly climbs to its summit, whence a plume of white smoke of a cloud-like delicacy floats in the air. As the eye follows the coast to the south, past Sorrento and Amalfi, the molding of the hills gives the landscape a beauty of line and contour of almost unrivaled delicacy and charm. The lifted surface of earth is broken by a thousand fissures into which light streams and shadows hide until the massive piles wear a texture of color of a mysterious depth and richness.

But the most potent enchantment is

in the sea that lies along the shore and encircles the island. Every child should learn his mythology beside that sea, for out of it the gods were born. From Naples to the Greek archipelago that sea makes the most elusive myths, the most radiant creatures of the imagination, credible. Not only did Aphrodite rise from it clad in the virginal loveliness with which Botticelli has clothed her in the Uffizi masterpiece, but Apollo must have appeared some morning on the shore of such a sea; and the Triton still blows his "wreathed horn" for all who have ears to hear. The unfathomed depths of color which lie around Capri on a quiet spring day do not lie within the empire of any earthly pencil, to recall De Quincey; nor could the splendid phrase of Ruskin, which went so far towards ensnaring the charm of Venice, convey the indescribable beauty on which the windows of Capri open; a landscape not of the fancy, which creates fairy tales, but of the imagination, which creates gods.

The splendor of that sky and sea lies beyond the language of art, and every approach to it in any form of artistic speech seems to strike the note of exaggeration and unreality. Other landscapes in lower tones are friendly to the painter: the low-lying English skies, so near the fields that the clouds seem to trail across the tops of the trees; the far-spreading Dutch heath, veiled by a luminous film of exquisite grays; the high, arched heaven over the valley of the Loire, full of intense white light—these are well within the reach of the painter, but his palette gives him no colors luminous enough for the splendor of the Mediterranean, where the light evokes its magical potencies of tone and hue.

It is idle, and in a way impertinent, to go so far toward describing the landscape of Capri as to say that it lies well on the other side of description; but, if one is to say anything about the island, he must convey the central fact that Capri is sim-



CAPRI HAS NOTHING TO SAY TO THE MAN IN HASTE

ply a great rock from which one looks out on sea and sky and shore. It is a point of observation from which one of the loveliest pictures in the world may be enjoyed at leisure; and there is no other way of enjoying the beauty which the island offers; Capri has nothing to say to the man in haste. Its charm is wholly one of impression, and those to whom travel means a series of new sensations will do well to confine their explorations to the much-advertised Blue Grotto.

It would be misleading, however, to convey the impression that Capri offers only a magical picture; it offers also exquisite details. It is like a great shaft of stone on which delicate lines are carven.



A STREET ALWAYS IN THE SHADE

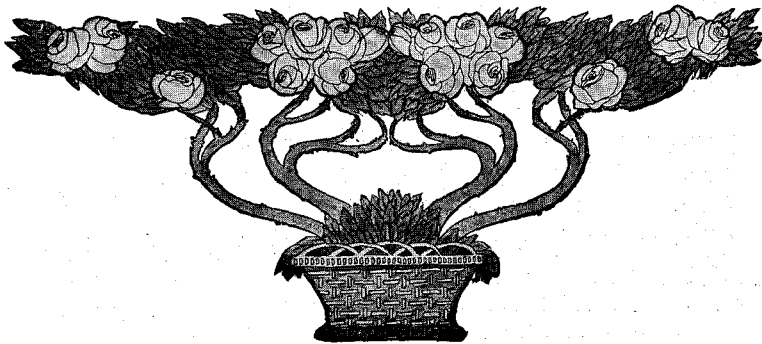
There are walks in which lovely distant views are combined with beautiful bits of color, of overhanging vines, of stairs vanishing in great masses of foliage. The way down the side of the rock to Marina Piccolo is a pathway trodden by painters with infinite delight. If you happen to know the fisherman who lives on the narrow edge of the island at the bottom of the steep descent, and share for half

an hour the hospitality of his little home and the smiles of his fascinating *bambino*, you will catch a glimpse of the sweet and wholesome human life that has always humanized the splendors of the Mediterranean. If you are ambitious, you will not stop short of the summit of Monte Solaro, where the whole world of Capri and its environment of land and water will lie at your feet. If your energy is more mod-

erate, you will content yourself with the lovely view of the coast from the ruins of the Villa of Tiberius; you will go to the Arco Naturale to compare it with the famous arch in Virginia; you will walk to the Punta Tragara and look down on the three rocks of Faraglioni; and, if you wish to secure beauty without paying for it, you will drive to Anacapri and drink your tea on the terrace over the bay, and wonder that you should waste time anywhere else in the world.

And while you are making these explorations all manner of pleasant things will befall you. A word and a smile will meet you everywhere from these simple, kindly folk whose long possession of civilization is evidenced by their good manners. The courtesy of recognizing the presence of another human being when you meet him, whether you know him or not, is elementary; but there are large sections of the English-speaking world in which it is unknown. There are other and infallible signs of deep-rooted life at every turn: old walls long ago accepted by the fruitful earth as part of itself and clothed with a living vesture of vines; glimpses of gardens where palms and roses and wistaria

are lost in a happy confusion of color and verdure; flights of stone steps softened by storm and sun into mellow tones of gray; pergolas which the vines have roofed against the fiercest sun of mid-summer; silhouettes of hillside on which the gray-green olive trees throw a slender shade; great cliffs that rise precipitous from the blue of the sea to the blue of the sky; broad spaces of green spreading over the face of the rock far above the stony path you are climbing and bringing suddenly before your imagination a vision of the sea as it unfolds from those lonely oases of verdure. You may lose yourself in the little town if you will, for its narrow, precipitous streets have kept their ancient picturesque inconsequence; you may study the traces of the classical age in road, aqueduct, shattered temple, ruined palace; you may plunge into two thousand years of history and find yourself in mortal peril between the historian and the archæologist; all this you may do, but unless you can join the company of the elect who have found the age of gold in Capri and wander no more, you will not strive for knowledge in the island; you will wait on the Vision.



The Bringer of the Summons

By Curtis Guild, Jr.

*Angel, male, of the steady eyes,
Older brother of Time and Space,
Watching the slip of the centuries,
Guarding the goal of the ungod's race,
Spurning the braggart, "I've won,"
Crowning the toiler, "I've tried,"
Conqueror, glorified,
Of the pain that awaited Man and of Man the Son,
Angel of Death!*

*Horror, awful and ultimate?
Yes!*

*The idler, knowing Life's true features for the first time as She leaves him,
Is afraid.*

*The shirk, running to Thee from his bitter task,
Is afraid.*

*The hypocrite, who must gaze even at mirrors, masked, but may not so look
at Thee,
Is afraid.*

*The coward, who has never stood alone, who has offended none, faced
nothing, faces Thee*

And is afraid.

*The robber, waxen great on the goods, the reputations, the lives of other
men, sees in Thy eyes the image of himself, naked,
And is afraid.*

*Horror, awful and ultimate?
No!*

*The soldier, fallen that civilization may rise, waiting wounded in the rain for
the savage who will crush each joint, one by one, with smashing stones;*

*The laborer who works with his hands, patient, weary, tempted to riot but
loving the law;*

*The parson, agonized that with his pittance wife and children must suffer
for his sacrifice;*

*The politician for righteousness' sake, losing pleasure, money, business,
position, office, friends;*

*The idealist flogged by Duty from the soft mire to the flints that do lead
to the mountain but gash and flay the feet;*

The Man:

*Dear Death, these know Thee and see
Through veils of flame
Love and reward.*

*Angel of Death, I fear not Thee.
I fear lest I greet Thee unworthily!
Not Refuge, Rest be Thy gift to me,
Angel of Death!*



THE FIRING LINE

As in Time of War

By E. H. Naylor

IT all seemed like a real war. Once more the booming of artillery and crackle of rifles reverberated from Little Round Top to Culp's Hill and on over the town of Gettysburg, and again the red sun sank in the smoke of battle as it did forty-seven years before. Men marched and fought now as then, except in purpose. Then it was a conflict, now it was with a similar spirit and desire. And as a unit the men now strove for the future protection of that Government which then was so precariously existing. The United States army maneuvers have lately taken place at Gettysburg, and this is why for the month of July the tranquil hills of that region, which sleep in reverend memory, seemed such places of strife and conflict.

When the word maneuver in regard to the army is first heard by a civilian, his mind's eye most naturally pictures a brass band and parade. And, such is one's

inherent gentle conceit, that often what he imagines he makes himself believe to be the fact. In considering some military maneuvers as being composed chiefly of brass buttons he is not far astray; but were he to go to such as those at Gettysburg, he would be immediately convinced that in this case it is "all work and no play." Most justly the question arises: What is the advantage to be derived from a maneuver? It must take a great deal of money. What is the return? It is to answer briefly such a query that the consideration is here given.

The camp, located a mile on the other side of Gettysburg from that of the battlefield proper, was known as the Camp of Instruction. And that is just what it was. There regiments of regulars and volunteers were brought together to be practically instructed in the art of war. There was no ceremony outside of regular camp life; it was all business and hard

work. The officers and enlisted men were taught how to do and what to do in time of war, and the system used was, in a word, that of example. The volunteers camped beside the regulars, and only had to use their eyes to see how a model camp is made and conducted. They might have read many books on the same subject and never learned half as much. The officers were instructed in tactical rides and lectures and the camp routine how best to conduct themselves and their men. It is necessary to have the officers efficient in our volunteer service, for it is from them rather than their men that the results in war are ever to be obtained. The officers are men with minds matured to appreciate the responsibilities of their positions, while the soldiers of the volunteer ranks are in a majority of cases boys. And, when war comes, it is upon the boys that the Government must depend for volunteer service, for they, as a rule, are more at liberty to go to war than men with business interests and families. Since, therefore, it is the young men or boys upon whom the dependence is placed, it is obviously necessary to have their officers well-informed men. Some have said that the maneuvers were more for the officers than for the men, and to a slight degree that is true, for the precise reason above stated. The regulars need the instruction too, although, of course, not so greatly. So to this camp troops were brought for a week's instruction by demonstration, and this directing was done by the officers of the General Staff and War College of the United States army.

The War College is that institution in Washington to which certain officers of the army are detailed for a year's study. During that time all the theories and higher arts of war are investigated and studied, and the whole work theoretically fought over. The instructors of the War College are the officers of the General Staff; men who are experts in their respective branches of military service. This brings up the point to which few people give just credit, and that is that at the present time the officers of the principal armies of the world have made their work as much of a profession as the study of law or medicine. And, in fact,

the investigations carried on by the officers in the United States are even more extensive in their particular field than in that of the other two leading professions. This may be a somewhat surprising statement; but the surprise may fairly be due to the fact that so little has ever been said about it. The time of the old listless garrison duty has fortunately long since passed into unrecorded history, and to-day one finds the army officer an intellectually alert man who, in the garrison school at Fort Leavenworth, and, if he has proven his capacity, later at the War College, must needs work hard in order to be prepared for promotion, or even to retain his commission. Not enough credit can be given to such men as are silently endeavoring to improve scientifically the standards of war so as to be better able to protect our welfare and international relations. The extent to which the War College goes into these investigations is remarkable, only to be made more so when it is seen how such theories are developed in a practical way, as at Gettysburg. The instruction given to the officers of the regular and volunteer army is the best, and the profit to them cannot be too fully estimated.

In bringing the regular and volunteer soldiers together one has an unusual opportunity to draw a comparison. It is obvious that the regular troops are superior to the volunteers in everything; but why shouldn't they be? It is the vocation of the regulars, that which they have made a study and for proficiency in which they are compensated, while with the volunteers military service is merely an avocation. They cannot be expected to attain the high standards of the regulars; but they are desirous of improving as much as possible, and it is for this reason that the Government has sent them for a week's training at Gettysburg. With this fairness of judgment in view, one case out of many might be given as an example. For instance, a regiment of regulars arrived one night by railway. The train was in two sections, the first arriving forty-five minutes before the second. By the time the second section reached the camp the men of the first section had not only erected their tents and established a model camp, but some had already gone to bed



THE FIELD SEARCHLIGHT



THE FIELD HOSPITAL

and were asleep. A volunteer regiment arrived the next morning, and twenty-four hours after they were still at the task of settling their camp. It was a case of men who were used to doing it and those who were not; but the next time that volunteer regiment goes into camp it will not take them half so long, for they have been given a practical demonstration by the regulars how to do it. The kitchens of the volunteer regiments were so inferior to those of the regulars that it is almost impossible to compare them. The regulars had very little more to do with, but they had that valuable knowledge taught by experience which enabled them to do a great deal with a very little. However, the secret of the superior kitchens and care of the food was not so much to be found in equipment as it was in enlisted cooks as compared to civilian cooks. It was the business of the enlisted cooks to do things properly, while the civilian cooks employed by a majority of volunteer regiments were merely temporary, for the encampment, and did not care. And one soon finds out how repugnant to this latter class of men is any suggestion or discipline. But it obtained the best results possible in camp life to have a volunteer regiment beside a regular one. The volunteers "came, saw, and overcame"

their deficiencies, leaving with great profit for future experiences.

The sanitation of this enormous camp, which included approximately two thousand regulars and ten thousand militiamen, was excellent. This work was in charge of an expert medical staff. All refuse was disposed of by a new system of incinerators, which reduced all waste matter to a minimum. A course of lectures was conducted on sanitation and field hospitals, with practical demonstration. The hospitals were established a few miles from camp, and there everything was conducted as it would be in time of war. Men with supposed injuries were brought in and treated as if they really had been shattered by shrapnel, except that amputations and such operations were descriptive, of course, instead of actual. The perfection of the medical department is most commendatory. Nothing is lacking in experience or equipment, and the lives of those who suffer for their country are now as safe almost as if the injured ones were in our best city hospitals.

The maneuvers at Gettysburg were conducted according to a programme, which is interesting, as it gives one an exact idea of just how the instruction was presented. On the first day of the week the regular and militia regiments would

arrive. Camp would be established on that day, and the morning following the officers of the regiment would be taken upon a tactical ride and walk and study of the exercises for the afternoon. These exercises were carried on in the fields and hills beyond the camp, and consisted in the maneuvering of companies and troops in advance, with rear and flank guards and patrols under the direction of the regimental commander. The officers of the Staff and War College would present a problem such as the reconnoitering and taking of a hill or other point of vantage, which would be guarded by an opposing force, and it was necessary for the commander and his officers to conduct the movements of their troops according to the best tactical requirements. At the completion of the exercises the troops were marched to the camp by the non-commissioned officers, and the officers remained on the ground to discuss the work with the instructors. These exercises were continued for five days with various arrangements of regiments, while the troops remaining in camp were engaged in drills and instruction in other military matters. Beside the regimental maneuvers there were also squadron and battalion exercises in outpost and reconnaissance, done generally by the

cavalry, and artillery work in attack and defense. All the instruction and work was done with the final maneuver on the last day in view. Then the entire force, divided into two sides, the Reds and the Blues, fought an enormous sham battle extending over several miles and making practical use of the theories of war in which they had been instructed on the previous days. This final maneuver closed the week's programme, and the next day the soldiers were paid off and departed for their home stations. They were replaced by new regiments, and so the work was continuously carried on through the month.

The excitement with which one witnesses the battle is unparalleled in an average experience. Along a country road in the soft sunshine of a summer's morning the troops go by, turning presently into an open field with the wheat stacked high. They are advancing on an outpost on yonder hill. Suddenly from out of the cool green of the woods before them there is a puff of smoke, then a rattle of rifles. The woods are alive with the enemy. On the advancing infantry dart from behind one stack and another; the men scattered by ones and twos over the field. Suddenly from the woods the enemy swarm down. The snapping of



THE PACK TRAIN

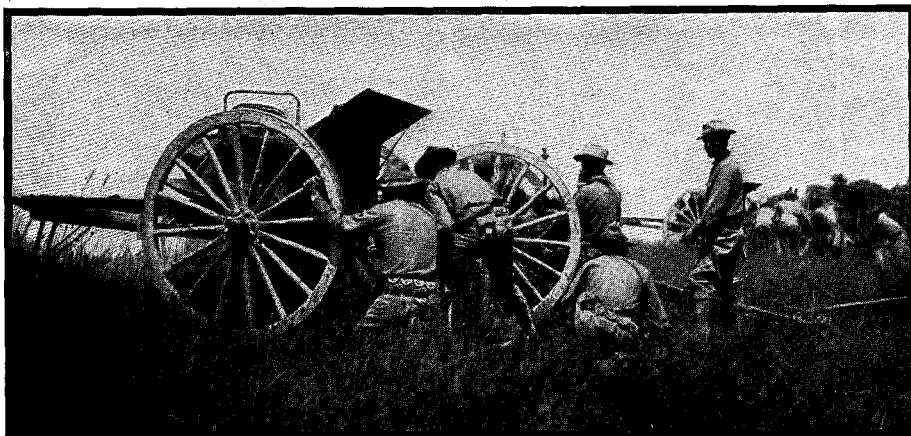
the rifles is constant. Hand to hand the soldiers come, and then above the roar sounds the clear call of the bugle. All suddenly stop. The next moment one feels like laughing. So intensely has he watched the fight that to have it stop short is like throwing cold water on a bright fire. And one laughs to think that he forgot completely that all are friends. The bugle was sounded from the knoll where the umpires, as the officers of the Staff and War College are known, were witnessing the entrapment. The officers of the contesting sides now go to the umpires, and the successful side is declared by military position, conduct, and apparent future outcome.

Again, to see a troop of cavalry charge up a hill in the face of a heavy fire from protected artillery, to see the horses wildly plunge over the cannon, the sabers flash, the men scatter, the smoking guns captured, and the dust blown wild by the wind, is all a sight which makes one stand in his stirrups and hold his breath. It is all war without the carnage, yet real enough to make one feel victorious and ride with a proud heart under the flag back to camp.

The maneuvers of the week finished, the regiments departed. Of course what little spectacular part there was will remain as a vivid memory; but the spectacular features were given the least consideration. The maneuvers were for educational training in military matters first and foremost. There was no ostentatious display, but rather strenuous and serious work. Some have said that the militiamen were worked too hard. Possibly they did re-

ceive more than they anticipated, but a week is a brief time enough to learn what was essential.

In view of the altruistic desire for universal peace it may be questioned what is the necessity of preparing for war. It is evidently necessary, though, to do so, for are not England, Germany, and Japan of the same mind in conducting the same kind of maneuvers? It is to be sincerely hoped that a war will never come; but if it should, surely the United States must not be found wanting in the knowledge of modern military affairs. And so for the better security of international relations the Government has wisely seen fit to appropriate sufficient funds for the improvement of the United States army and navy, and such maneuvers as these just completed at Gettysburg are an example of that constant desire to protect our lives and interests. The intellectual demand upon the officers is yearly increasing, which is a fact few people realize. The army officer of to-day is one who is devoting all of his energy toward the development of the art of war, which development ought to have just as great an interest for each citizen as any investigation in other branches of science. Credit is due to the men who have created this military educational movement, and even the true gratitude of the citizens of the United States, for are not these men perfecting themselves and the regular and volunteer soldiers in that work which is an assurance to all of us for the future of "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness"?



ARTILLERY IN ACTION

The Slowcoach

A Story of Roadside Adventure

By *Edward Verrall Lucas*

Author of "Anne's Terrible Good Nature"

With Pictures by L. Raven-Hill

CHAPTER XI

THE WAYSIDE FRIEND

MR. MACANGUS had just finished his ham and eggs and was lighting his pipe.

"Good-morning, Slowcoaches," he said. "I'm very pleased to see you. Sit down wherever you like. Furniture by Dame Nature; everything as nice as Mother makes it. This is a friendly, reasonable hour to meet. That young brother of yours—I suppose he is your brother"—pointing to Robert, "pays calls in the middle of the night. He seems to think that every caravan in the world belongs to him. How a man who lives in a London terrace knows his house I never could understand, but to recognize one's own caravan ought to be quite easy."

Mr. MacAngus, you must understand, did not say all this in one breath, for he was a slow man. But it reads as if he did, because none of the others uttered a word. It was all too bewildering and also too amusing. He was so big and so strange, and he had such a twinkle in his eye, that they preferred to let him go on, knowing that whatever he said would be entertaining.

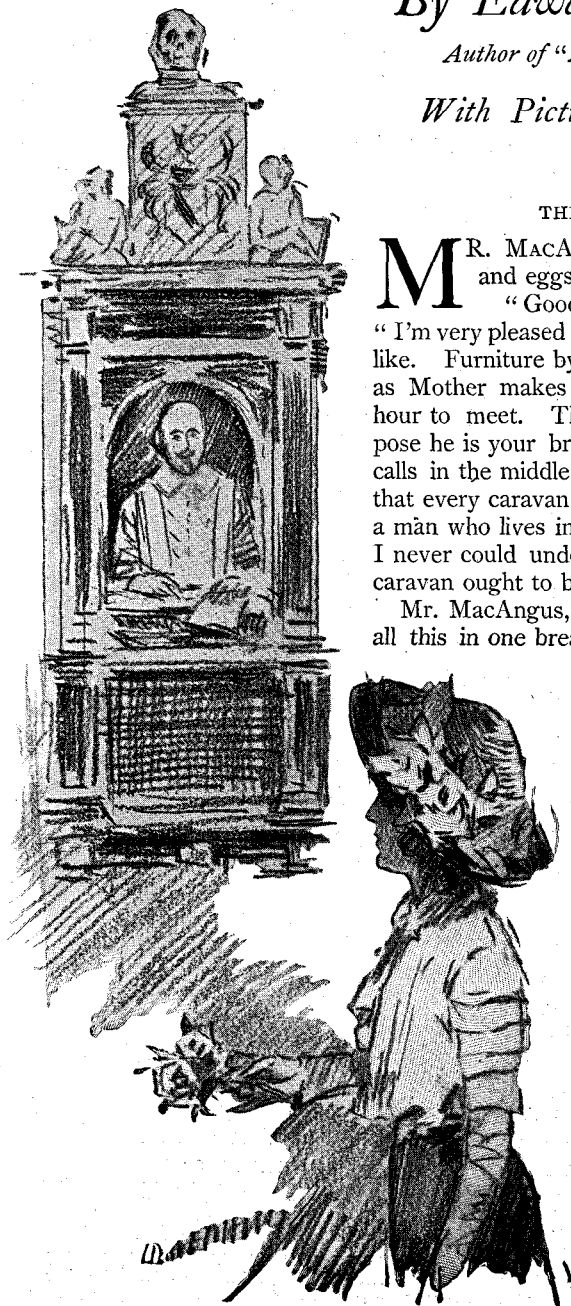
"Well," he said at last, "now we must stop talking nonsense and introduce ourselves. But first I should like you all to guess who I am and what I do for a living. You first," he said, pointing to Janet.

"I think you are a kind of hermit," she said at last.

"Right," he said. "But that's not enough. What do I do? You," he added, pointing to Mary, "what do you think I do?"

"Perhaps you lecture," said

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Mary, "or preach. No, I don't think you preach. I think very likely you speak to villagers about politics—tariff reform and things like that."

The big man laughed. "Very well," he said. "Now you," to Robert.

"I think you're a gentleman gypsy," said Robert. "Like Lavengro. Are you?"

"In a way," said the stranger, "but I sha'n't tell you till you've all guessed."

Jack Rotheram then guessed that he was a spy, and this amused him immensely.

"In a kind of way I am that too," he answered. "At any rate, I am always looking out for the fatness of the land."

Hester guessed he had a broken heart because of a disappointment in love, and was living all alone because he hated the world, like Lord Byron.

He liked this most of all, and laughed for a long time—much longer, he explained afterwards, than a broken-hearted Lord Byron would have done.

Horace Campbell did not exactly guess, but said that he hoped that the stranger was a gentleman burglar—a kind of Raffles and Robin Hood in one—who robbed only the wicked rich and helped the poor. "As," he added, "I want to."

"Oh, do you?" said the big man. "Well, don't rob me, anyway. Wait till I have led the Snail to a place of safety."

And lastly Gregory guessed. "I think," he said, "you are a vagabond."

"Gregory!" cried Janet; "you mustn't say things like that," while the stranger laughed again.

"Why not?" Gregory inquired. "I mean like the Wandering Jew Mr. Crawley told us about. He called him the prince of vagabonds."

"Well," said the stranger, "Gregory's right. I am a vagabond. But I'm something else, too, and I'll tell you. I'm an artist. My name is Hamish MacAngus. I live in the Snail most of the summer and in London in the winter. I cover pieces of cardboard and canvas with paint more or less like trees and cows and sheep and skies, and people who have more pennies than brains buy them from me; and then I take the pennies and change them for the nice sensible things of life, such as bacon and tobacco and oats. My horse's name is Pencil. I came here from Banbury, and I am making

slowly for Cropthorne. Now tell me all about yourselves. Tell me in the order of age."

The children looked at each other and laughed.

"You first," said Mr. MacAngus, again to Janet; "you're the eldest, I can see."

"My name," said Janet, "is Janet Avory. I live in Chiswick. Our caravan is the Slowcoach. We are going to Stratford-on-Avon. Our horse is called Moses. Our—"

"Oh, Janet," said Hester, "you're not leaving anything for us to tell!"

"Very well," said Janet, "that's all."

"My name," said Mary, "is Mary Rotheram. I am the daughter of a doctor at Chiswick. My brother and I are the Avories' visitors. I am fourteen. Father has one of your pictures."

"Good judge!" Mr. MacAngus said.

"Now, Macbeth," he said, pointing to Robert.

"My name isn't Macbeth," said Robert.

"No," said the artist, "but that's how I think of you. Why? Can any one tell me?"

"I can," said Hester. "Because he woke you up—'Macbeth hath murdered sleep.'"

"Splendid!" said Mr. MacAngus. "As a reward you shall tell your story before Macbeth does."

"I am nine," said Hester. "My name is Hester. I adore Shakespeare. I am Janet's sister."

"Good," said Mr. MacAngus. "We will read Shakespeare together this afternoon. From the way you walk I can see that this is blister day. We will all take it easy and be happy, and you shall cure your lameness. Now, Mac."

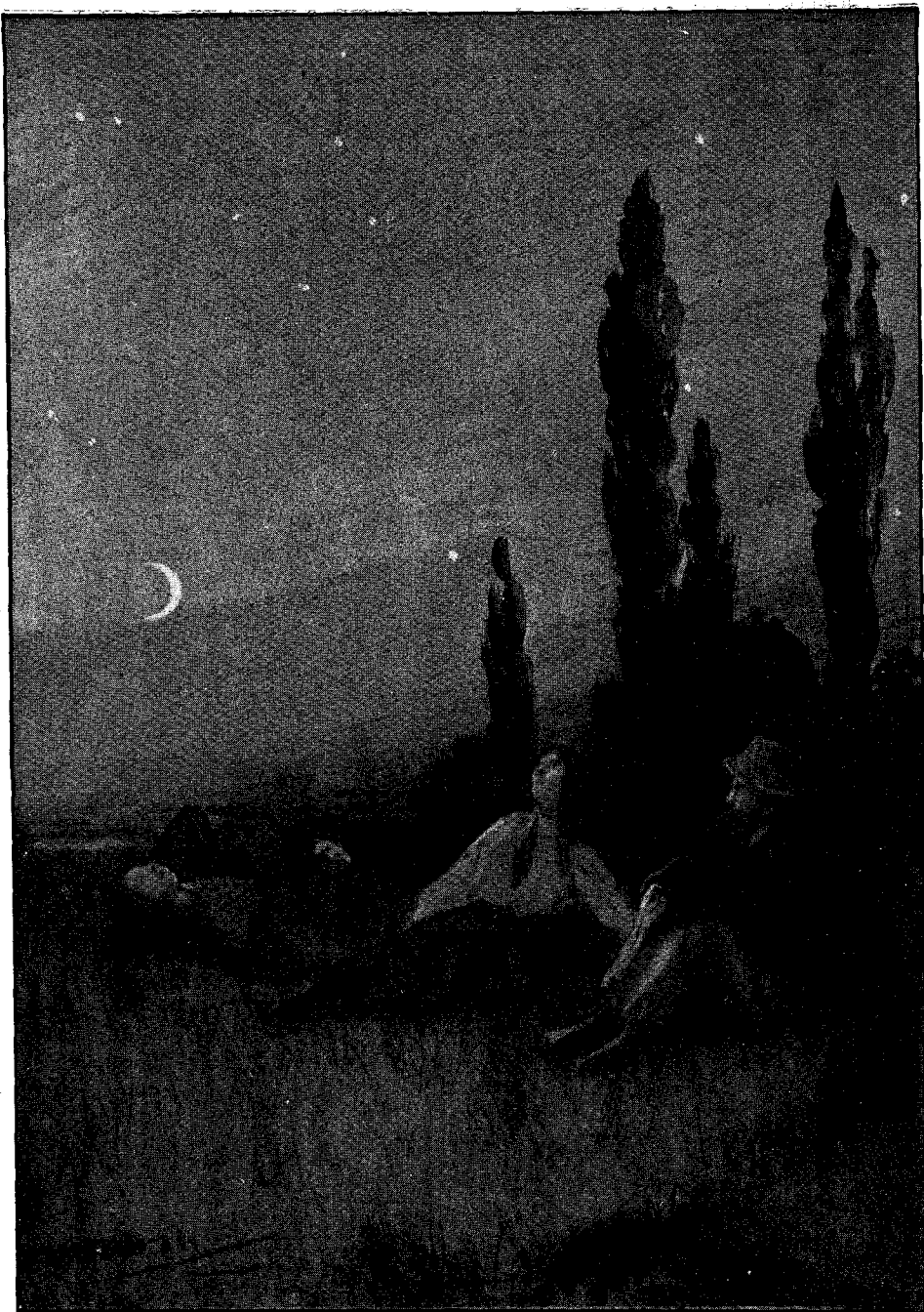
"I am thirteen," said Robert. "I am the geographer of the party. I am sorry for murdering your sleep, but glad, too, because you're so jolly."

"Now you," said Mr. MacAngus, to Jack Rotheram.

"I am not an Avory," said Jack. "I am Mary's brother. I am twelve. I am going to Osborne next year."

"Very sensible of you," said Mr. MacAngus. "And you, sir," he added to Horace Campbell, "the burglar's friend?"

"My name is Horace Campbell," he replied. "I am the son of the vicar of



"THEY LAY ON THEIR BACKS AND STUDIED THE STARS"

Chiswick. I am nine. I am also the Keeper of the Tin-Opener."

"Oh, yes," said Jack, "I forgot that. I am the Preserver of Enough Oil in the Beatrice Stove."

"I am proud to meet such important

personages," said Mr. MacAngus. "And now, lastly, you"—he said to Gregory—"the little nipper, the tiny tot of the party."

Gregory was furious. He scowled at the artist like thunder.

"Go on," said Mr. MacAngus, "don't mind me. I always tease little important boys."

"My name is Gregory Bruce Avory," said Gregory, "and I am seven. I am going to be an aviator. I have to ask the farmers if we may camp in their fields, and I keep the corkscrew. Please tell me," he added, "why you call your horse Pencil?"

"Because he draws me," said Mr. MacAngus.

"And now," he continued, "let us do the most interesting thing in the world to people like ourselves: let us examine each other's caravans."

After they had finished visiting each other, and Mr. MacAngus had given them, speaking as an old campaigner, some very useful if simple hints, such as always pitching the tent with its back to the wind; and keeping inside a supply of dry wood to light the fires with; and tying fern on Moses's head, against the flies; and carrying cabbage-leaves in their own hats, against the heat; and walking with long staves instead of short walking-sticks—after this he made them all sit round their fire and sketched them, and the picture hangs at this very moment in Mrs. Avory's bedroom at "The Gables."

After lunch, which he shared with them, adding to the pot some very fragrant mixed herbs from a little packet, they lay on the grass round him and he read to them from Shakespeare—first from "Macbeth," which was very dreadful, but fine, and then from "Midsummer Night's Dream" and "The Winter's Tale."

After supper he took them outside the Hollow, and they lay on their backs and studied the stars, about which he knew everything that can be known, and nothing whatever that Gregory wanted to know.

And they went to bed early, to be ready for the long journey on the morrow—with their feet covered with Mr. Lenox's ointment—declaring it was one of the most delightful days they had ever spent.

CHAPTER XII

STRATFORD-ON-AVON

The next morning was dull but dry, and they were ready early, for there were sixteen miles to be done before Stratford-on-Avon was reached. They were, how-

ever, easy miles, twelve of them being on the flat beside the Stour.

Mr. MacAngus had decided to stay on in those parts a little longer before making for Cropthorne, and therefore, after helping with the inspanning, as he called packing up, he said good-by, but gave them a list of the places where it was worth while asking for him. They were sorry to lose him, but the immediate future was too exciting, with Stratford-on-Avon and Mrs. Avory in it, to allow time for regrets.

After a day entirely without any adventures, they found Mrs. Avory. She was waiting for them at the Shakespeare Hotel, which is one of the most fascinating inns in England, with staircases and passages in lavish profusion and bedrooms named after the plays. Hester and her mother slept in "The Winter's Tale," Janet and Mary in "Cymbeline." Robert and Gregory were "The Two Gentlemen of Verona" for the time being, and Horace and Jack lay in the "Comedy of Errors." Kink and Diogenes were somewhere at the back, and the Slowcoach was in the yard, surrounded by motor cars.

At the next table at dinner—in a beautiful old room with green matting on the floor and a huge open fireplace—sat an old gentleman with white hair and bright eyes behind very luminous spectacles, and from the tone in which he talked to the waiter they guessed him to be an American. After dinner he smoked cigarettes in an immensely long holder of amber and gold, and now and then smiled at the children.

They were all rather tired, and went quickly to bed. Robert, who, you remember, had been so contemptuous of the Shakespeare Hotel blankets and sheets, slept a full ten hours: never, indeed, can a Gentleman of Verona have passed a better night; and the others expressed no grief at having to lie in proper beds once more.

When they came down to breakfast the next morning, they found a letter addressed to

Mr. Kink's Children's Party
Shakespeare's Head
Stratford-on-Avon

Robert looked at it and threw it down. "Very offensive," he said.

Mrs. Avory handed it to Janet.



"MR. MACANGUS HAD JUST FINISHED HIS HAM
AND EGGS AND WAS LIGHTING HIS PIPE"

"Whoever can it be from?" Janet asked, turning it over and over. "The postmark is Chiswick."

"A good way to find out," said Gregory, "is to open it."

Janet did so, and read it, laughing. "It's an attempt at a nasty letter from William," she said. "He's pretending to be cross because Jack won. Poor William! Listen:

Dear Little Ones,
I hope you are having a good time in that stuffy caravan, and manage to avoid blisters. I thought you would like to hear that father has given me leave to go to Sheppey and stay

for three days with Mr. Fowler, who has promised to take me up in an aeroplane. I am also to have riding lessons, and Aunt Mildred has promised me a pony, being so sorry to hear that I was done out of the caravan trip by a fluke. Uncle Jim has sent me £5. According to the papers the weather is going to break up directly.

Your affectionate and prosperous friend,
WILLIAM ROTHERAM.

Jack was speechless with fury. "The story-teller!" he cried.

But Mary laughed. "I think it's rather clever," she said. "It almost took me in."

"Do you mean to say it's a good joke?" Jack asked.

"I think so," said Mary.

"I don't," said Jack. "I think jokes ought to be straightforward. I think you ought to know exactly that they are jokes."

"Miss Bingham," said Robert, "would say that such inventions were in poor taste."

"So they are," said Jack.

"Poor William!" said Mrs. Avory. "You oughtn't to be cross with him, Jack. After all, he did lose when you tossed up."

"Yes," said Jack. "But, look here, Mrs. Avory, suppose some of it's true."

At this they all roared, for it showed what Jack's trouble really was.

"Oh, Jack," said his sister, "you mustn't want everything. Even if it were true, you ought to be much happier here."

"Have some more coffee, Jack," Mrs. Avory said, quickly.

As it was Sunday, they went to Trinity Church (which usually costs sixpence to enter, because of Shakespeare's tomb—a charge of which I am sure the poet would not approve). As the words in the sermon grew longer and longer, Hester made renewed efforts to get a glimpse of the tomb, but it was in a part of the chancel that was not within sight. She had instead to study the windows, which she always liked to do in church; and she found herself repeating the lines on the tomb, which she had long known:

"Good frend, for Jesus sake forbear
To digg the dust enclosed here.
Blest be ye man ye spares these stones,
And curst be he ye moves my bones."

On Sunday, even after service, the church was not on view, but the next day it was there that they hurried directly after breakfast, Hester carrying with her some little bunches of flowers. They paid their sixpences and made straight for Shakespeare's tomb and stood before the colored bust—that bust which you see in reproduction at every turn in this loyal town. It is perhaps more interesting than impressive, and the children had a serious argument over it, Jack even daring to say that the face was stupid-looking, and Gregory declining almost petulantly to consider Shakespeare in the least like a swan.

Poor Hester, how to defend him against these horrid boys!

Janet came to the rescue by saying that

Jack was probably thinking that the forehead was too high; but a high forehead was a sign of genius.

"It may be so," said Jack, "but father has a poor patient with water on the brain just like that." (What can you do with people who talk in this way?)

"But, of course," said Horace, "it doesn't matter what he looked like really, because he didn't write the plays at all. They were written by Roger Bacon."

This led to acute trouble.

"How can you say such wicked things!" Hester protested, bursting into tears.

"But I read it in a book," said Horace, who had not wished to hurt her, but still desired to serve the truth. "It was sent to father."

"Everything in books isn't true," said Janet.

"Oh, I say!" said Horace.

"Of course it's not," said Mary. "Books are always being replied to and squashed."

"Well, this book was by a Member of Parliament," said Horace.

This was very awkward for the defenders of Shakespeare. What were they to do?

Gregory, who had not seemed to be interested in the debate, settled it. He walked up to an old man who was standing near them and asked him, "It isn't true," he said, "is it, that Shakespeare's works were written by Bacon?"

"No," said the old man, "it's a wicked falsehood."

"How do you know?" asked Horace.

"How do I know!" exclaimed the old man. "Why, I've lived at Stratford, man and boy, seventy years, and of course I know."

"Of course," said Janet.

"But a Member of Parliament says it was Bacon," Horace persisted.

"What's he Member for?" the old man asked. "Eh? Not for Stratford-on-Avon, I'll be bound."

"I don't know," said Horace, who had nothing else to say.

"Take my advice," the old man replied, "and don't believe any one who says that Shakespeare wanted help. Look at that brow!"

"But he isn't like a swan, is he?" Gregory asked.

"Of course not," said the old man. "That's poetry. If he had been like a swan, it wouldn't have been poetry to call him one."

Gregory pondered for a little while. Then he asked, "Would it be poetry to call a swan a Shakespeare?"

"Oh, Gregory, come away," said Janet, "you're too clever this morning!"

Hester, however, still had much to do, and she refused to go until she had laid some flowers also on Anne Hathaway's tomb and on that of Susanna, Shake-

speare's daughter, who married Dr. Hall. She also copied the epitaph, which begins:

"Witty above her sexe, but that's not all,
Wise to Salvation was good Mistress
Hall."

But I am going too fast, for this was Monday morning, and we have not yet accounted for all of Sunday. The only Shakespeare relic which they visited that day was the site of his house, New Place, close to the hotel. The house, of course, should be standing now. and would be,



"THE OLD GENTLEMAN, WHOSE NAME WAS NICHOLAS IMBER AND WHO CAME FROM PHILADELPHIA, THEN TOOK THEM TO SEE HARVARD HOUSE

but for the behavior of a deplorable clergyman, as you shall hear. Shakespeare, grown rich, and thinking of returning to Stratford from London, bought New Place for his home; he died there in 1616, and his wife and daughter or his descendants lived in it for many years after. And then it was bought by the Rev. Francis Gastrell, a Cheshire vicar, who began by cutting down Shakespeare's mulberry tree—under which not only the poet had sat, but also Garrick—because he was annoyed that visitors wished to see it; and then, a little later, in his rage at the demand for the poor rate (a tax to help support the workhouse, which, since he was living elsewhere, he considered he ought not to have to pay), he pulled down the building too. That was in 1759, and now the site of the house is a public garden where you may walk and still see of this memorable habitation only the traces of some of the walls and Shakespeare's well. They found the old gentleman from the hotel in the garden reading his guide-book; and it was he who told them the story. "So far as I can understand," said he, "nothing was done to the man at all. Nobody horsewhipped him. It was lucky it did not happen in America."

The old gentleman, whose name was Nicholas Imber and who came from Philadelphia, then took them to see Harvard House, of which he, as an American, was very proud, and they drifted about with him and looked at other of the old Stratford buildings.

All the time he kept on saying quietly to himself, "Vengeance on the Rev. Francis Gastrell!"

"Perhaps," said Hester, "there is a mistake in the verses in the church. Perhaps they ought to be:

'Blest be ye man y^t spares these bones
And curst be he y^t moves my stones.'

That would mean the Rev. Francis Gastrell."

"I hope so," said Mr. Imber. "It's a very good idea. But why do you like Shakespeare so?"

"He's so wonderful," said Hester.

"Yes, but so is Scott, say, and Dickens."

"Oh, but Shakespeare's so beautiful, too," said Hester.

The children had gone alone to the church on the Monday morning. On

returning to the hotel they found Mrs. Avory ready for them, and all started for the birthplace in Henley Street, where Shakespeare was born, probably on April 23, 1564. This is now a museum with all kinds of Shakespeare relics in it, profoundly interesting to Hester if not to the others. The desk at which he sat in the grammar school is there; and his big chair from the Falcon Inn at Bidford; and many portraits; and on one of the windows, scratched with a diamond, is the name of Sir Walter Scott. The boys wanted to write their names, too, but it is no longer allowed; although I fancy that if Sir Walter Scott could visit Stratford again he would be permitted to break the rule.

They stood in the bedroom where Shakespeare was born and where his father and mother probably died; and they looked into the garden where he used to play; and Horace very mischievously pointed out the fireplace in the kitchen where, as he told Hester, they cooked their bacon.

Mrs. Avory was then informed of the mean attacks on Shakespeare which Horace had made in the church, and their complete refutation by the verger, whose judgment she upheld.

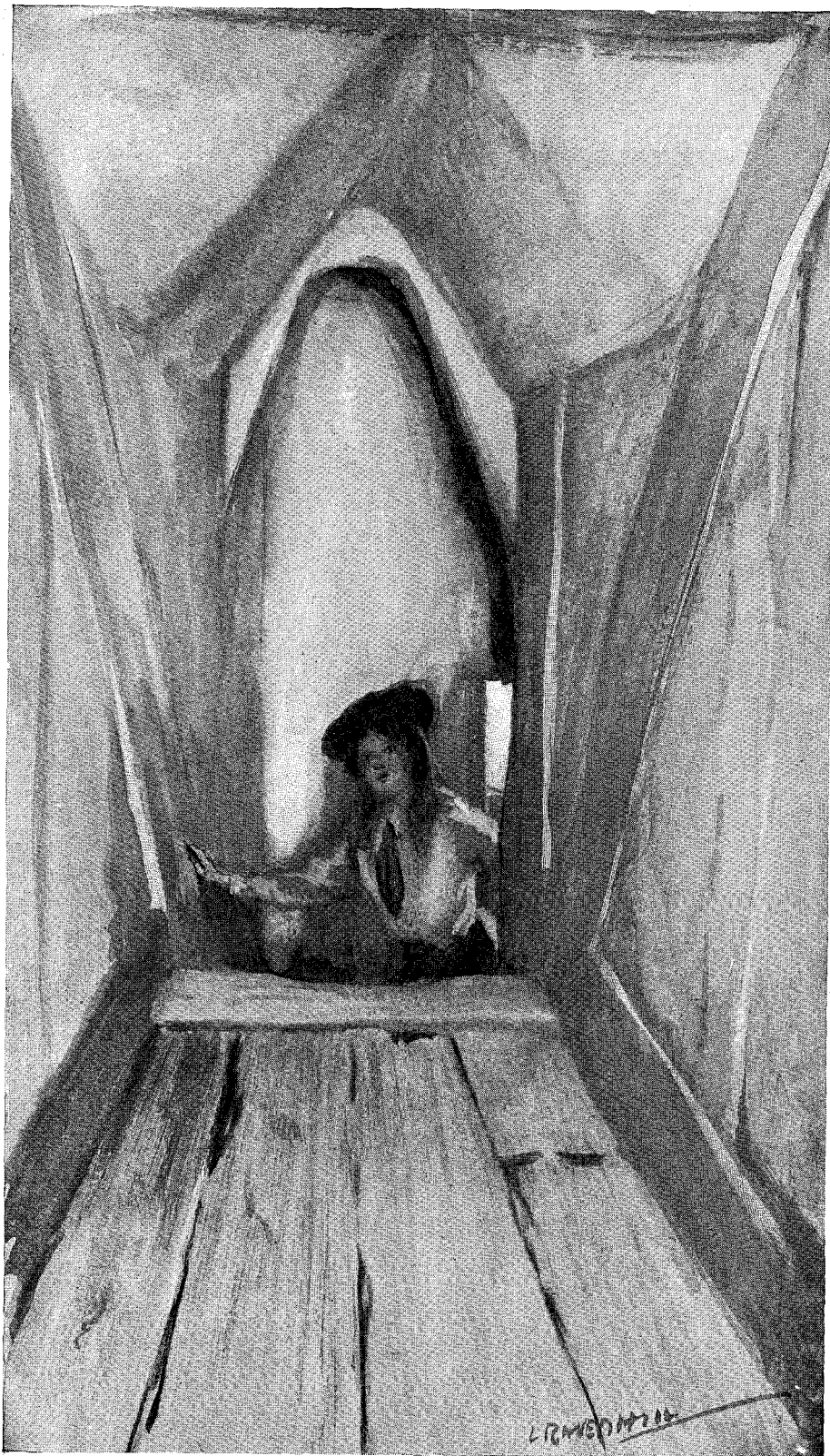
"Horace," she said, "oughtn't to be here at all. He ought to be at St. Albans. We will look up the trains when we get back to the hotel."

Horace was not quite certain whether this was serious or not. "Why St. Albans?" he asked.

"Because that is where your friend Bacon lived," said Mrs. Avory.

The next place to visit was the Memorial, which is a very ugly building by the river, where the Festival is held every spring. This is not very interesting to children, being given up to books and pictures connected with the stage; but close by are the steps leading to the boats, each of which has a Shakespearean name, and Mrs. Avory allowed them to row about for an hour before lunch. This they did. Robert and Mary and Horace and Hester in the Hermione, and Janet and Gregory and Jack in the Rosalind.

After lunch, while they were waiting about in the hall looking at the pictures and not quite sure what to do, Mr. Imber of Philadelphia approached them, "I



"BUT THE MOST EXCITING MOMENT WAS WHEN EACH OF THEM
IN TURN WAS ALLOWED TO HIDE IN THE PRIEST'S HIDING-HOLE"

wonder," he said, "if you would do me a favor. I have scores of nephews and nieces and also many friends in America, to whom I want to send picture post-cards. Now," he continued, "listen here. Here's seven shillings, one for each of you; and here's a five-shilling piece. Now I am going to give you each a shilling to buy picture post-cards with, and I want you each to buy them separately—in different shops if you like—and then bring them back to me, and I'll give the five-shilling piece to the one who has what I think the best collection. Now off you go."

So they hurried off. Stratford-on-Avon, I may tell you, exists almost entirely on the sale of picture post-cards and Shakespeare relics, and there was therefore no difficulty in finding seven shops, each with a first-class assortment.

In this way an hour went very pleasantly, and then the results were laid before the old gentleman. Of course there were many duplicates, but each collection had four or five cards that the others had not. After long consideration, Mr. Imber handed the five shillings to Mary.

Gregory's was the only really original collection, for, taking advantage of the circumstance that Mr. Imber had said nothing about the post-cards being strictly of Stratford-on-Avon, he had bought only what pleased himself: all being what are called comic cards—dreadful pictures of mothers-in-law and twins and surprised lovers.

Mr. Imber laughed, and told him to keep them.

"Now," said Gregory, selecting a peculiarly vulgar picture of a bull tossing a red-nosed man into a cucumber frame, "I shall send this to Miss Bingham."

"Gregory!" exclaimed Janet; "you shall do nothing of the kind."

"Why not?" Gregory asked. "She'll only laugh, and say, 'How coarse!'"

"No," said Janet, "we'll take them back to the shop and change them for nice ones."

"Oh, no, not all," Gregory pleaded. "Collins would love this one of the policeman with the cold pie being put into his hand by the cook behind his back."

"Very well," said Janet, "you may send her that, especially as we're getting her some pretty ones."

"Yes," said Gregory, "and Eliza must

have this one of the soldier pushing the twins in the perambulator."

"Very well," said Janet, "but no others."

"Oh, yes," said Gregory, "there's Runcie. I'm sure she'd love this one of the curate being pulled both ways at once by two fat women. She's so religious."

After tea they walked to Shottery to see Anne Hathaway's cottage, although not even Hester could be very keen about the poet's wife. Hester, indeed, had it firmly in her head that she was not kind to him. "Otherwise," she said, "he would have left her his best bed instead of his second-best bed."

None the less, Hester was very glad to have Mr. Imber's present of little china models of the cottage and the birthplace. To the others he gave either these or colored busts of Shakespeare; and to Gregory an ivory pencil-case containing a tiny piece of glass into which you peeped and saw twelve views of Stratford-on-Avon.

After dinner they sat down to the serious task of writing on the picture post-cards which they had bought for themselves, while Gregory earned sixpence by sticking stamps on Mr. Imber's vast supply. Jack felt it his duty also to write to William:

Dear William,

Thanks for your very kind and informing letter. We are glad you are having such a good time. This is a rotten caravan and you are well out of it.

Yours,

J. R.

P. S. Don't fall off your clothes-horse too often.

CHAPTER XIII

THE ADVENTURE OF THE YOUNG POLICEMAN

Mrs. Avery's train to London was an early one, and the Slowcoaches had left Stratford behind them before ten, and were by eleven at Binton Bridges, where the river again joins the road, and where they stopped to discuss the question whether to go straight on through Bidford and the Salfords, or to take the road to the south of the Avon through Welsford and the Littletons.

Robert was very firm for the Bidford way, and of course he won; and, as it happened, it was very well that he did.

It was a fine, bracing day, and they were

all very vigorous after the two days of rest in Stratford, and they therefore trudged gayly along in the sun, not stopping again until just before Bidford, on the hill where Shakespeare's crab tree used to grow, under which he had slept so long after one of his drinking contests. For it seems to have been his habit to go now and then with other Stratford friends to neighboring villages to see whether they or the villagers could drink the most—a custom that even Hester found it hard to defend. Indeed, she got no farther than to say, "I am sure he was naturally troubled by thirst."

The tree has gone, but another stands in its place, and by this the children sat and ate a little lunch and talked about the poet. Robert repeated to them the old rhyme about the Warwickshire villages which Shakespeare is said to have composed—possibly in this very field:

"Piping Peabworth, dancing Marston,
Haunted Hillborough, hungry Grafton,
Dodging Exhall, Papist Wixford,
Beggary Broom and drunken Bidford."

Bidford is not drunken now; it is only sleepy: a long, steep street, with, at the top, the church and a beautiful old house, now cottages, once the Falcon Inn, where Shakespeare used to drink and where the chair came from that they had all sat in at the birthplace yesterday; and at the foot the Swan Inn and the old bridge.

Bidford is built very like a watering-place—that is to say, it is all on one side of the river. The water to-day looked very tempting, especially as a great number of boats were lying on it waiting to be hired; but Robert sternly ordered his party onwards.

Has it ever occurred to you that in the life of every policeman there is one day when he wears his majestic uniform in public for the first time? It must, of course, be so. No matter how many times he may have put it on at home privately to get used to it, the day must at last come when he has to walk forth into the streets, and in the eyes of those who have known him ever since he was a boy, or even a baby, change from a man like themselves to an important and rather dreadful guardian of the peace. If he is a simple fellow, the great day may leave him very much as he was; but if he is at

all given to conceit, it may make him worse.

Now it happened that this Tuesday on which the Slowcoaches were on their way from Stratford to Evesham was the very day on which Benjamin Roper was beginning his duties as a member of the Warwickshire constabulary. His beat in the morning lay between Bidford and Salford Priors; and he was standing beside the road, on the top of the little hill called Marriage Hill—just before you cross the river Arrow and come to Salford Priors station—at the very moment that Moses, after painfully dragging the Slowcoach up the same eminence, had reached the summit.

At the door of the caravan were to be seen Mary, Hester, and Gregory, whose turn it was to ride; and P. C. Roper stared in astonishment at faces so unlike the swarthy, tangled children he was expecting.

He stared so long, indeed—everything being a little strange to him that day—that Jack, who, with Horace, was walking just behind, politely, but with every intention of being severe, inquired, "Do you think you'll know us next time?"

P. C. Roper said nothing, but frowned at Jack with an expression so full of dignity, reprimand, and suspicion that Jack could not help laughing.

"Oh, I say," he said, "don't be cross. Mayn't we go about in a caravan if we want to? No one else has objected."

"No," Horace added, "the King said nothing as we came through London, and the Mayor of Stratford asked us to tea."

Kink laughed at this—much too loudly—and the young policeman realized that he had been foolish. Instead, however, of laughing too, he became more important and angry; and suddenly he thought of a means of retaliation.

Pulling out a note-book and pencil, he said, "I want to see your license for this caravan." He said this not because he really wanted to see it, but because it suggested itself as a good demand, and one which would make the children realize that he was a man of authority not to be trifled with. But when he saw the blank which fell on their faces, and even on Kink's too, he knew that he had stumbled

by chance on an excellent weapon, and resolved to make the most of it.

"Come," he said, "the license. I'm waiting to see it."

Janet and Robert, who had by this time come up, were told of the difficulty.

"License?" said Robert. "What license?"

"All carriages must have licenses," said the policeman, "and all caravans have to produce theirs when called for, because they're always moving about."

The children gathered round Kink to discuss it. Kink said that it was all Greek to him. He knew, of course, that caravans had to have licenses, but he'd never heard of demands for them in the highroad. "But do be civil to him, Master Robert," he implored. "You never get any good out of cheeking the police."

"Well," said Robert to the constable, "this caravan was given to us. The license for it was got, I feel sure, by the person who gave it to us."

"Who was that person?" P. C. Roper asked, with his pencil ready to write down the name.

Here was a poser. Who indeed? The children had discussed X often enough, but were no nearer to discovering him.

"I don't know," Robert was forced to say.

P. C. Roper smiled a deadly smile. "Oho!" he said. "You don't know who gave you the caravan! Things are looking up. Caravans drop from the sky, do they? A very thin story, indeed. I'll trouble you to come with me, all of you, and see my inspector."

P. C. Roper was quite happy now. He had not only filled the impertinent children with fear, but he had done a smart thing on his very first day as constable. He drew himself up and returned the note-book to his pocket.

"Your inspector?" Robert said. "Where does he live?"

"Well," said P. C. Roper, "he lives at Bidford, but he's at Stratford to-day, at the Police Court, and he won't be back till the evening."

"We can't wait till evening," Robert said. "It would throw out all our plans."

"Plans!" exclaimed P. C. Roper. "Plans, indeed! Aren't you suspicious-

looking persons in the possession of an unlicensed caravan and unable to give any reasonable account of how you got it? Your plans can wait."

"Please give us a little time to discuss it," Janet said, and they all surrounded Kink once more.

"Of course it's absurd," Jack said, "but what an awful pity you don't know who X is! That's what makes the trouble. It looks so silly, too."

"Do you really think that caravans have to show licenses?" Janet asked Kink.

"I never thought about it," Kink said, "but it sounds reasonable in a way. Gypsies, you know. If Master Campbell hadn't said that about the King and the Mayor I shouldn't have laughed, and then the copper wouldn't have lost his wool and we should be all right."

"Never mind about that," said Janet. "We can't bother about what is done. The thing is, what we are to do? How funny of Mr. Lenox not to have thought about the license! he thought of everything else."

"Yes, and X, too," said Robert. "But it's just terrible to have to go back and wait all day for the inspector. We are due at Evesham this afternoon."

"Couldn't we overpower him," Horace said, "and bind him and leave him in the ditch?"

"Yes," said Hester, "or ask him to have a glass of milk, and drug it?"

"Don't be absurd," said Robert. "This is serious. All right," he called out to P. C. Roper, who was getting anxious, "we're just coming."

Then Janet had a happy thought. "I say," she exclaimed, "where is that envelope that Uncle Christopher gave us? He said we were to open it if ever we got into a real mess. Well, now's the time."

"It's in the safe," said Robert, and he dashed into the caravan and brought it out.

Janet opened it and read it slowly. Then she smiled a radiant smile, and, advancing to the constable, handed him a paper.

"Here is the license," she said; "you will find our name and address on it. Now, perhaps, we may go on."

P. C. Roper read the license very carefully, frowned, and handed it back.

"It would save a lot of trouble," he said, "if you would produce such things directly you were asked for them."

"But we didn't know we'd got it," Janet said.

P. C. Roper pressed his hand to his forehead. "I don't know where I am," he muttered. "They've got a caravan, and they don't know who gave it to them; and they've got envelopes, and they don't know what's in them. Does your mother know you're out?" he added as a farewell shot.

The Slowcoaches could not help it: they gave him three cheers, and then three more for Uncle Christopher.

"Well," said Janet, "that's all right, "but it's lucky he did not see Uncle Christopher's letter. Listen:

"Dear Children,
"It has suddenly occurred to me that some ass of a policeman may want to see your license, and I have therefore procured one for you. If you get into any kind of trouble be sure to give my name and address and telegraph for me.
"Your affectionate Uncle
"CHRIS."

"It would have been better," Kink said, "if your uncle had handed you the license right away—not made a mystery of it."

"Oh, no," said Hester.

As it happens, they were destined not to reach Evesham that day, for at Abbots Salford Moses cast a shoe, and that meant the blacksmith and delay. When the accident was discovered, and the children were surrounding Moses and helping Kink in his examination of the hoof, a farmer who was walking by stopped and joined them. He asked the trouble and offered them his advice.

"You put your caravan in my yard

there," he said, pointing to a beautiful gateway just ahead, "and you make yourselves comfortable there while the horse is being shod. I'll show you the house if you like," he added; "it's very old, and haunted too, and there's a grand boating-place at the weir just across the meadows. Don't worry about the horse or anything. If you go to bed early and get up early, it will come to the same thing as if you had gone right on."

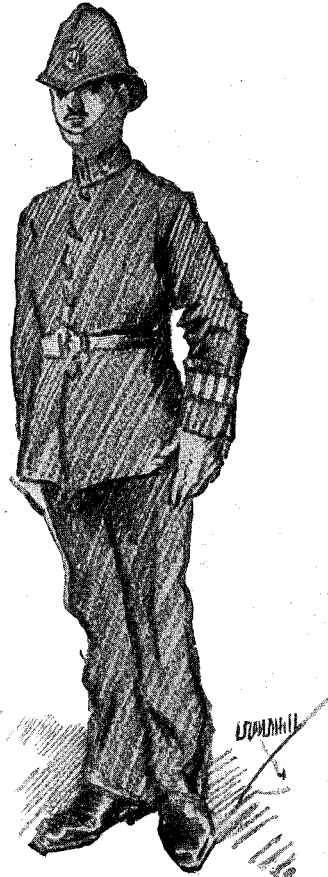
Every one, except Robert, who liked to see his time-tables obeyed, and perhaps Gregory, who had been deprived for some days of his office of asking leave for a camping ground and was now balked again, was glad of the mischance that brought camp so early, and Hester was wild with pleasure, for Salford Hall is an old mansion of gray stone, built three hundred years ago, and now mysterious and, except for a few rooms, desolate. It has also an old garden and a fish pond, and a little Roman Catholic chapel whose altar candles had been alight for centuries.

The farmer was very kind. He gave the children leave to go anywhere and everywhere, but they must not, he said, run or jump, because the floors were not strong enough. He led them from room

to room, to the dancing gallery in the roof.

There was a very old bagatelle table in one room, all moth-eaten, and a few old pictures still on the walls—a knight and his lady with Elizabethan ruffs, and a portrait of a greyhound. From a top window the farmer showed them Evesham's bell-tower.

But the most exciting moment was



"BENJAMIN ROPER WAS BEGINNING HIS DUTIES AS A MEMBER OF THE WARWICKSHIRE CONSTABULARY"

when each of them in turn was allowed to hide in the priest's hiding-hole. This was a very ingenious cupboard behind a row of shelves intended to have books or china on them, which swung back when you loosened a catch. Hester crouched here and shut her eyes and firmly believed that the Protestants were after her.

In her next letter she implored her mother to take the Hall and live there in the summer. "I am sure," she wrote, "it would be very cheap, because it is so shabby and is crumbling away in many places. I would gladly live in the priest's hiding-hole always. Please think about it seriously."

Afterwards the farmer showed them the way down to the weir, over the railway, and advised them to have the caravan taken down there and sleep there that night near the rushing water.

"You couldn't have done it two months ago," he said.

"Why not?" Robert asked.

"Guess why?" said the farmer.

And will you believe it, none of them could guess.

"Because it was flooded," said the farmer. "In winter it's often just a great lake, from the railway at the foot of our garden right to the Marlcliff hills."

And so Moses (with a beautiful new shoe) was put into the shafts again and they went gently over the soft green meadows to the weir, and there they had their supper, and explored the mill and the shaggy wood overhanging it, and rowed a little in a very safe boat, and stood on the little bridges and watched the rushing water, and then walked slowly beside the still stream higher up as the light began to fade, and surprised the water-rats feeding or gossiping on the banks—none of which things could they have done had Moses had the poor sense to retain his near fore shoe.

(To be continued)

A SUPPLICATION

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD

Lord, we whose sturdy sires

Lit sacrificial fires

Upon thine altars in the days of old,

Deeming to found a state

That should be nobly great,—

To liberty and honor consecrate,—

Turn thou our eyes from the red glamour—gold!

Lord, we whose forbears bled

Where youth and valor led,

In the dark face of danger ever bold,

Daring to dream the dream

Of freedom till its beam

Flashed on our vision like a dawning gleam,

Turn thou our hearts from the false glamour—gold!

Lord, ere some whelming hour

Grip with its fatal power,

And all our land's fair fabric we behold

Shattered as shards, sore spent,

Dismembered, impotent,

As ruinous as is a garment rent,

Turn thou our souls from the dread glamour—gold!